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THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

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I.

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!—
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he call'd "Left wheel into line!" and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bad his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
"Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!—
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left, and a wing to the right—
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
And he wheel'd his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
And the three that were nearest him follow'd with force,
Wedge'd themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, muttering, all dismay'd,
Lost are the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

IV.

But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes;
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russian surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

NOTE.—The 'three hundred' of the 'Heavy Brigade' who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2nd squadron of Inniskillings; the remainder of the 'Heavy Brigade' subsequently dashing up to their support.

The 'three' were Elliot, Scarlett's aide-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.

FORTUNE'S FOOL

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE OF THE BEST HOUSES IN LONDON;
AND OF A CONSULTATION THAT TOOK
PLACE THERE BETWEEN TWO AUNTS,
A MAJOR, AND A SOLICITOR.

BETWEEN Oxford Street and Piccadilly, and a little to the west of New Bond Street, in London, there is a large square, where dull brick houses look forth upon an oblong inclosure of dingy greenery. The trunks and branches of the trees are black, and their leaves, when they wear them, look as if they needed washing; but they never are washed, to the day of their death. The inclosure is surrounded by a tall iron railing; within are straight paths and mathematical grass-plots; and in the grass-plots are flower beds, chiefly inhabited by plants of a bushy nature—laurels and the like. The place is kept in rigid order; and on fine days a nurse or two may be seen promenading there with children. The latter are the offspring of the families who live in the square, and who thereby become entitled to the key of the iron gate by which access is obtained to this delectable rural retreat.

This square, forty years ago, was one of the centres of fashionable London society. It was not ordinarily a lively place, lying, as it did, aside from the main thoroughfares, and the passage of commercial traffic being tacitly discouraged. The breadth of its sidewalks was, in fact, inversely proportional to the number of the persons who walked upon them. Peace was preserved by an extremely vertical policeman, who spent his official existence in throwing out his chest, straightening his knees, and observing that nobody did nothing improper.

In the mornings, tradesmen's waggons rattled up to the various doors, their drivers precipitated themselves upon the area bells, bearing in their baskets the fuel of the aristocratic residents' dignified existence. About ten o'clock or even earlier, during the season, horses, saddled and bridled, are brought to some of the doors, and ladies and gentlemen in riding costume issue forth and mount them, and ride away to the Row. In the hours devoted to making calls, numbers of fine carriages, with thick wheels, lustrous horses, and powdered drivers and footmen, trundle up and empty their fashionable contents into the august portals. This is the bustling period of the day. In the evening other carriages appear, generally drawn by somewhat less immaculate steeds, and carry the people off to dinners, theatres, or evening receptions: or bring others to entertainments given in the square. In the latter case, the doorway of the entertaining mansion wears a deep hood of striped canvas, and a strip of carpeting is rolled down the steps and across the sidewalk, to receive the well-shod foot-prints of the upper ten thousand. Finally, at midnight, the rumble of returning vehicles begins to be heard, and lusty shouts of "Lady Mayfair's carriage stops the way!"

This, at all events, is the way it used to be forty years ago. Of late, the best people have taken up their march westward, in obedience to that mysterious impulse which appears to animate fashionable persons almost all over the world. This tendency, by the way, has never been satisfactorily explained. Can it be owing to the fact that the earth turns over towards the east, and that the higher ranks of

society, in order to remain at the top, keep climbing up in the opposite direction! Be that as it may, the square in question is hardly so exclusive now as it used to be; and here and there, perhaps, a well-scoured brass plate displays itself on a broad front door.

One afternoon, in the early part of September of the year of which I am writing, a hackney carriage drove up to the door of one of the largest of the square mansions, and a gentleman in black frock coat, and grey trousers strapped down under his boots, got out of it. "You can wait," he said to the driver. Then he ascended the steps and boldly pulled the bell-handle marked "Visitors." While waiting for the summons to be answered, he glanced gravely down at his respectable person, stamped his right boot slightly, pulled up his stock, and finally took a glance at his watch, which marked just one minute past three. He was a medium-sized, full-bodied man of some fifty years of age, with a keen, plump, smooth-shaven face, and a trick of suddenly thrusting out his under lip, and scratching underneath it with his forefinger; wrinkling his forehead at the same time in a sceptical manner. His smile was ready, and well under his control; and he wore a single eye glass which was of less use to him from an optical point of view, than as a weapon of offence and defence in his profession—which was that of a solicitor.

Presently the door swung open, and a footman in mourning livery showed himself.

"Is the Honourable Miss Vivian within?" inquired the solicitor, with a distinct and well poised utterance.

The footman made way for him to enter. "Kindly inform her," the latter added, "that Mr. Caliper has called, according to her appointment."

"They're ready waitin' in the back drawing-room, Mr. Caliper," said the footman. "If you'll come this way, sir, I'll show you."

And they went up stairs.

The back drawing-room was a large and lofty room with two windows (it was a corner house), one at the side, looking on the street, the other at the end, looking on the backs of some other houses—only that a small conservatory had been built out from it, so there were flowers to look at instead of bricks. This was before the day of artistic furnishing, and there was little to be found here in the way of decoration that would have been gratifying to a modern æsthetic taste. The walls were panelled and hard finished; the floor was carpeted to the foot-board; the ceiling was ornamented with heavy mouldings of whitewashed plaster; the chandelier was an elaborate engine of gilt, bronze, and glass. The furniture was of solid mahogany, the chairs and sofas having curved and arabesqued backs, legs, and arms. There were two or three large family portraits, of some value as regarded their authorship, but not otherwise attractive. In short, it was a room depressing to describe and to live in, which could have been endurable only to the hardy nerves of a generation less highly organised than our own. And yet Lord Castlemere had been accounted a man of exceptional refinement and taste.

The room, when Mr. Caliper was ushered into it, already had in it three personages—two ladies and a gentleman. The latter was standing with his hands behind his back, gazing into the conservatory window; he turned round when the lawyer was announced. He was a high-featured, fine-looking man, with white hair, moustache, and side-whiskers, dark grey eyebrows, and a very red complexion. His bearing was erect and brisk, and the cut of his well-fitting garments helped to indicate his profession; he was Major Clanroy, of the Guards. His wife, a stout, smiling, elderly lady, was seated with some work in her hands at one side of a table, on the other side of which sat an older lady, of leaner and more solemn constitution, with a

small King Charles spaniel in her lap. These were the late Lord Castlemere's two sisters.

The solicitor bowed low; the major acknowledged the salute by a nod, and took up his position before the fireplace; Mrs. Clanroy inclined the upper part of her stout person a little, and smiled; while the maiden lady removed the spectacles which she wore, screwed her eyes together, and said—

"How d'ye do, Mr. Caliper?"

"I trust I have not kept any one waiting!" said Mr. Caliper pleasantly.

"Not at all, if I may speak for myself," the major replied from the hearthrug. "I believe you know, Caliper, what we wanted to see you about?"

"I had the advantage of a letter of instructions from Miss Vivian," answered the solicitor, bending towards the lady with the spaniel. "I gather that there is some ambiguity as to the position of Miss Madeleine Vivian—her title to inherit——"

"It's all ambiguity from beginning to end, as far as I can see," the major interrupted. "The long and short of it is, Castlemere is asserted to have made two wills."

"So strange of poor dear Castlemere," observed Mrs. Clanroy, in a small cheerful voice. "I'm sure I can't understand——"

"Well, it isn't expected of you, Gertrude," said the major, drily. "One of these wills," he went on to Caliper, "was in favour of Madeleine—we know about that; but then, here's this other affair is said to have been in favour of—er—of some child of his in America, that nobody ever heard anything about."

"You will never persuade me," observed Miss Vivian, with an accent of settled conviction, "that Castlemere was capable of doing anything of the kind."

"Well, as to that, Maria, I take it most young fellows of under thirty (as Castlemere would have been then), are—er—capable of having a son," said the major, with a consciousness

of humour. The solicitor looked up at the cornice and stroked his chin.

"What I mean is," returned Maria, who was not humorous, "Castlemere would not have ventured to marry Lady Castlemere, if this had occurred, without letting her and me know about it. I knew Castlemere pretty well, I should hope, and you will never persuade me that he would keep a secret like that from me all his life."

"With regard to this alleged issue," said Mr. Caliper, in a strictly neutral tone, "do I understand that it would be the fruit of—ahem—a morganatic——"

Mrs. Clanroy sighed, as much as to say that the strangeness of poor dear Castlemere was such as to transcend statement. Miss Vivian said "Pish!" and stroked her spaniel irritably. The major replied—

"No, that's the point. The assertion is that he married the girl—what's her name! Annette—something French."

"Malgré," supplemented Mrs. Clanroy, softly.

"Annette Malgré," said the major, with the air of having just remembered it for himself. "Married her, you know, and took her to America, and then left her there. And then the girl died while he was over here, so he never went back; that's the long and short of it."

Mr. Caliper appeared to meditate.

"Is Lord Castlemere known to have been in America at the time this alleged occurrence is maintained to have taken place?"

"I believe he was," the major admitted, doubtfully.

"I recollect the letter telling him of the late baron's death was sent to America," observed Mrs. Clanroy, gently.

"Any one would think you wanted to prove him guilty, Gertrude!" exclaimed her unmarried sister, indignantly.

"Oh, guilt be hanged!" said the major; "this is a more serious

matter. He was there—that's the long and short of it; and we've got here a copy of their marriage certificate, and of the boy's birth." He pointed to some papers on the table.

"From whom were these obtained?" inquired the solicitor, after he had taken up the papers and examined them.

"Some old fellow who said he was the girl's father. He said he had seen the certificate of the birth made out himself, the other was handed to him by Castlemere himself, at their interview last June, along with the two wills. The dates seem to correspond well enough."

"Why don't you say that the originals of his certificates were not forthcoming? He pretended they were stolen on the same night Castlemere died—a likely story! And the will in the boy's favour stolen too—most opportunely! I tell you we have nothing but his word for the whole thing. I have the worst suspicions of his motives; and you shall never persuade me——"

"Wait a moment, Maria—let's have fair play all round," said the major. "What we're concerned about is the honour of the family, I take it; and we shall no more secure that by suppressing the story if it's true, than by believing it if it isn't. Now, what we do know is this: Castlemere was in Paris at the time he's said to have met this girl there; he was at Havre about the time he's said to have married her there; well, then he's in America—in this backwoods town, whatever it is——"

"Suncook was the name, I think," came from Mrs. Clanroy.

"Suncook, you know," went on the major, turning himself away from his wife and towards the solicitor; "he was there at the time he was said to have been living there with her. And then there's the most curious thing of all—that he should go back there, you know, after more than a dozen years, and fall in with this old French fellow. What? What should he do that for?"

"He was not, I presume, able definitely to recognise the boy as his son? I think I understood that the child was alleged to have been born during his absence!" said Mr. Caliper.

"He never saw him at all!" exclaimed Miss Vivian, emphasising her statement by shaking her spectacles at the solicitor. "No boy was to be found, I tell you; of course he was all of a piece with the certificates and the will. I am surprised that you, Mr. Caliper, as a man accustomed to deal with evidence, should countenance this story for one moment."

"The best method of disproving objectionable statements is to become acquainted with the grounds upon which they are advanced," replied the solicitor, with a happy mingling of deference and firmness. "The question that now suggests itself is, whether any of the inhabitants of this town—Suncook—were able to substantiate Monsieur Malgré's assertions? Was there any knowledge betrayed, on the part of any disinterested party, of a gentleman, answering to Lord Castlemere's description, having visited Suncook at the time named, in company with a lady? And was there, subsequently, any knowledge of a child having been born? I trust I shall be pardoned if I express myself unguardedly; but I understand I was consulted for the purpose of sifting—er——"

"Quite right, Caliper—no need to apologise," the major declared. "As to that, Brookes says he spoke with two or three people who seemed to have some recollections on the subject. There was an old woman who owned the house they boarded at; and some other people——"

"And I think, major, Brookes said the old lady told him she had even been present at the time the child was born," Mrs. Clanroy interposed, smiling amiably upon her sister as she said it.

The latter lady sat erect in her chair and glared.

"I believe, Gertrude, you would think anything," she said. "I presume an old woman in an American backwoods town might be paid to say whatever one wanted. And not only that, Mr. Caliper, but this very old woman of theirs did not pretend to know who those boarders of hers really were. A 'Mr. Floyd' she talked about! It is really quite too barefaced a conspiracy. My brother never kept anything from me in his life, least of all a thing of that kind!"

"Most natural of him, I am sure," said the solicitor, meaning to be polite; but at that the great lady took a look at him, and chuckled in such a disconcerting way, that poor Mr. Caliper felt his face grow hot, and, for the first time during the colloquy, he ceased to be entirely impartial towards the matter under discussion. But he was not the man to allow that to appear.

"Brookes was, I apprehend, a person in whom his lordship reposed a good deal of confidence?" he said, recovering himself and addressing the major.

"Oh, Castlemere thought everything of Brookes," was the gallant gentleman's reply. "Brookes has been in the family for over twenty years. Castlemere would never have got over to America if he hadn't had Brookes and his wife to go with him. I'm only surprised that Brookes doesn't know more about this affair than he appears to do."

"Ah! I was thinking of that—whether anything could have transpired between them relative to Lord Castlemere's object in undertaking the journey."

"Nothing definite, so far as I am aware," the major said.

"Perhaps if Mr. Caliper were to put a few questions to Brookes—?" Mrs. Clanroy suggested, in her musical tones.

"Of course; I was about to propose that," said her husband, who, to do him justice, would have done so had the idea occurred to him in time. "We'll have him up at once," and he

rang the bell. "Tell Brookes to look in for a few moments," he said to the servant.

"I must say, Arthur," observed Miss Vivian, in the moderate tone which she seldom used except when she was really angry, "that it is scarcely considerate in you to ask an old and respectable servant of my brother's family to give evidence likely to damage his master's memory. If I thought there were any chance of such evidence being forthcoming I should protest very decidedly. Mr. Caliper, of course, only acts according to his instructions; and I am not so much surprised that Gertrude should forget what was becoming; but your position, as Lord Castlemere's chief executor, is so responsible and delicate——"

"Hang it, Maria, isn't that the very reason why I'm doing it!" cried the major, passing his hand across his brow and drawing his eyebrows together, so that he looked much more terrible than he really was. "I don't know what you're up to, unless you're angry because Castlemere may have done something he didn't tell you about." Here Maria secretly bit her lip, for her brother-in-law had blundered pretty near the truth. The major continued: "You can't suppose I want to see a raw boor from an uncivilised country come over here and take possession, can you? Of the two, I'd rather it should go to Madeleine—though I've got my opinion about that too! But what I want, and what I mean to do, is to get at the bottom of this story, so far as it's possible. We don't want any mysteries hanging over us, I take it."

"I'm sure I think Maria's irritation most excusable, my dear," said the ever genial and benevolent Gertrude. "Her position here is so difficult, you know—so anomalous! I'm sure I wish poor dear Castlemere could have arranged to let her have some considerable share—it would have been so much more comfortable and agreeable for all parties."

"Thank you, Gertrude," said Maria, grimly laconic.

The two ladies often had sparring matches of this kind, and Gertrude generally got the better of her saturnine and positive sister—at all events for the moment. But Maria never forgot, and was sometimes able to revenge herself long afterwards. Gertrude, however, enjoyed one telling advantage over Maria—she knew Maria's great pitiable secret. This secret was, that Maria, in her romantic days, and before she knew how ugly she was, had loved the major, then Lieutenant Clanroy. And Clanroy might have married her, only that Gertrude stepped in and carried him away without giving him time for reflection. Maria bled in silence; she would never have said a word about the matter to any human being; but Gertrude had as good as known it from the beginning, and one day, in the course of a particularly violent quarrel, she taunted her with it. A terrible scene followed; but ever afterwards, along with her hatred, a crippling dread weighed upon Maria lest Gertrude should betray her to the gentleman most concerned. Rather than that should happen Maria would die on the spot. Gertrude, on the other hand, knew her power, and by merely hinting at her possession of it could make her stronger and abler sister tremble and turn faint. Though her love for Arthur Clanroy had many years since become a withered and lifeless thing, never to be resuscitated, yet her fear of exposure and shame was, if anything, more keen than ever. It was an untoward affair, however you looked at it; for Gertrude's marriage had been anything but a domestic success; she and her husband cared for each other no more than do a couple of portraits hanging side by side on a wall; not only that, but the major was intolerably bored by his wife, and she, with the small acuteness that belonged to her, knew where his harassable points were and how to irritate them. After all, Maria would have suited him

better, for she had brains and character, and might have made, if she had had the chance, a tender and excellent wife. But enough of these things, which belong to the irrevocable past.

Meanwhile Mr. Caliper looked on, with a cynical smile inside him. He knew perfectly well that these great people would not have wrangled thus before him, had he been their social equal. No; he was no more to them than a chair or a table: what he thought or heard made no difference to anybody. Not one of them had even thought of asking the family solicitor to sit down!

CHAPTER XV.

SHOWING THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING AT THE EXACT TRUTH IN MATTERS WHICH ARE NOT REALLY COMPLICATED TO THOSE WHO ARE IN A POSITION THOROUGHLY TO UNDERSTAND THEM.

BROOKES came in, a composed, broad-faced, straightforward old man, with an admirable instinct of fine behaviour, such as may still occasionally be observed in the best class of English servants. His presence helped Mr. Caliper to feel more at ease than he had as yet been able to do; for there could be no doubt that Brookes ranked below him in the social scale. But then Brookes knew it, and did not allow it to trouble him, which slightly diminished Mr. Caliper's advantage.

In response to the lawyer's interrogatories, Brookes told his tale. He had accompanied his master and Madeleine to America; they took Jane, his wife, with them, to look after the young lady. Lord Castlemere had not told him why he wished to go to America, though he had seemed to have some anxiety or preoccupation weighing on his mind; and once he had said to Brookes, "I shall sleep sounder when this is over, Brookes, whichever way it turns out;" and again, he had more than once said to Madeleine, "You will always love

Uncle Floyd, won't you, no matter what he is forced to do?" Brookes had not understood these utterances, or attached any significance to them, until afterwards. They landed at Boston, and his lordship had gone at once to a certain hotel, and had asked for a certain room, and when told that it was at the moment occupied, he had seemed greatly put out, though the room that was provided him was a much better one. At Boston they hired a carriage and horses, and drove along a road near the sea to Salem, where they spent the night at an inn of which Lord Castlemere seemed to know the name, and in the parlour of which Brookes had seen his lordship standing at the window and tracing with his finger a name which had been written on the pane with a diamond; but what the name was Brookes had not observed. The next day they drove to Newburyport, and the day after that they arrived at Suncook, having started early, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Lord Castlemere had gone out to walk with Madeleine, and she had afterwards mentioned their having been to a cemetery, and seeing a gravestone there with the name "Annette" upon it; and this Brookes had himself seen later on. His lordship and Madeleine dined at the hotel, and towards evening they went to an old farmhouse that stood near the sea-shore, and which was inhabited by an old gentleman whom the landlord of the hotel called Mossy Jakes. What occurred in that place Brookes could not tell of his own knowledge, since he had never seen his lordship alive again. He had waited up for him the greater part of the night, but had not gone after him, because his lordship had given special orders that he was on no account to be disturbed. The next morning very early, however, he had gone down the lane towards the farmhouse, carrying some things for Madeleine, which Jane had thought the child would need. About half way he came to a little rising ground, and there,

seated on a stone with his face towards the rising sun, he was astonished to behold the figure of Lord Castlemere. He spoke to his lordship, but received no answer; then he looked in his face and touched him, and knew that he was dead. He must have been dead several hours. The medical gentleman who was summoned from Boston said that death ensued from fatty degeneration of the heart. But Brookes did not stop to ask about that then.

"At once I thought of Miss Madeleine," Brookes said, continuing his story, "and on I went to the farmhouse, as quick as I could put one foot afore another; and the body I left meantime where it was. When I got there, I knocked at the door, without getting an answer; so, the door being off the latch, I made so bold as to go in. I found a room with a man in it, and at first I thought he was dead too; for down he was kneeling in front of a chair, that had some old worm-eaten clothes on it, and a portrait of a very nice-looking young lady resting against the back of the chair. The old man, he knelt there with his face down on the clothes; and I hardly liked to use my voice to him, for surely, thought I, he is dead too. But the next minute he opened his eyes and stared at me, and I said, 'Where is my young lady, sir?' But it was a long while before I could get him to take what I was saying; he was half-dazed, and his legs they were cramped in a manner to prevent his getting up till I helped him; and add to that, his knowledge of English was very faulty. However, at last he understood me; and said he, 'She went away with Floyd Vivian the past evening.' When I heard that I was in a tremble; for thinks I, 'She's strayed into the sea and got drowned, or she's lost in the woods.' So I began to tell him that Lord Castlemere was dead; but all the time he wasn't hearing me, so busy he was hunting over the table and among the books and papers for something, I couldn't tell what, only he seemed terrible anxious

to find it. Then all of a sudden he called out loud, as if he'd been hurt, and caught hold of me, and said that I had robbed him. So it turned out that he had lost some papers which had been left on the table the night before. But I had no time to hear about that then; it was my business to find Miss Madeleine. So back I ran to the village, and set them to ringing the bells and firing the gun, and squads of them set out, some one way and some another, to search. It happened I went towards the south, and Jane, she was with me. And we hadn't made over a quarter of a mile, shouting out every now and again, so that the child might know of us, if she were in hearing, when who should we see coming to meet us, quite quietly, but Miss Madeleine herself. We were very glad, indeed, as you may think. You could see by her face that she had been crying; but it wasn't from fear of being lost and not seeing us again, for she behaved quite cold and indifferent to us; 'twas something else, but what she wouldn't say."

"What account did Miss Madeleine give of herself?" the solicitor inquired at this point.

"None whatever, sir, not that I know of, from that day to this."

Mr. Caliper stuck out his under lip and rubbed his chin. "Well, proceed with your statement," he said at length. "What transpired in the matter of those papers which the Frenchmen accused you of stealing?"

"He didn't stay by that notion long, sir. At first he was quite bewildered, and, as it were, foolish; but in a while his thoughts and memory came back to him; but the story he told was a right strange one, take it how you would."

"Indeed, Brookes, I fully agree with you," remarked Miss Vivian, who, of course, had listened to all this before, and come to her own conclusions upon it.

"Now, Maria, no influencing the witness, you know!" said the major pleasantly.

The amount of it was," continued Brookes, "that Lord Castlemere had called on him that afternoon, and told him that this French girl that was buried in the cemetery had been his wife; and upon that the Frenchman had told him that he was her father—a thing which surprised everybody, for it seemed no one in the village had suspected as much before. Then his lord-ship had asked him whether there was a child living; and when he heard there was, he had shown two wills, one made in case there should be such a child, you see, and the other the one for Miss Madeleine. Then they arranged to meet the next morning, and have the boy there, to identify him and the like, and make him the heir, and tear up the will for Miss Madeleine. But that could never be, because of his lordship's dying as he did ~~on~~ the way home; and the boy, he was gone too; but whether dead or alive nobody could tell."

"Was there any collateral evidence of this boy's existence?"

"Oh, everybody in the village knew of him, sir; and few there were had a good word to say of him. They said he was a wild reckless lad, and would never go to school or church; and for some years past he had lived in a cave in the woods that had a bad name, and saw none but Indians and wild beasts; only once in a while he would come to the Frenchman's farmhouse, for he and the Frenchman were always on terms, more or less."

"Was anything known of the circumstances of the boy's birth?"

"There were some who said they remembered it, sir; but none of them had recognised Lord Castlemere. The gentleman who had been with the young French lady had given the name of Floyd."

"Now, about the disappearance of those papers?" said Mr. Caliper, sticking his eyeglass into his eye, and speaking sharply. "How did he account for that, eh?"

"I wasn't able clearly to understand much about it, sir," Brooks replied

steadily. "He spoke something of a stranger who had come to his house the same day as Lord Castlemere arrived; he had called himself a clergyman of the Church of England, and was in the midst of telling him something about Lord Castlemere, when my lord himself came in sight down the lane, with Miss Madeleine. Upon that the clergyman dodged into the house and shut himself into a room, and Mr. Mossy Jakes forgot all about him until the next day; and then, when he went to look for him, he was gone. So putting what they had talked about together, with the papers being gone, Mr. Jakes was all for believing the clergyman was the man who took them, he himself being at the time in a kind of dream or a vision, and not distinguishing rightly what was what."

"What was this clergyman's name?"

"He couldn't quite remember, sir; it was Purdy, or Maddox, or something between them he thought; but he'd not paid attention so as to be certain."

"Something between Purdy and Maddox!" repeated the solicitor, expelling his eyeglass from its position with a snap. "But could no one else in the village come nearer to it?"

"No one else in the village had seen the man at all, sir."

This answer surprised Mr. Caliper, who seemed to be getting farther and farther from the light with every new question he put. It really looked as if there were a conspiracy on foot to bewilder the seeker after truth. The worst of it was, that nothing appeared to happen according to any conceivably consistent theory of motive, one circumstance contradicted another. "Was any systematic search instituted to discover the boy; or was any explanation brought forward of his disappearance?" Mr. Caliper finally asked.

"We looked for him in the cave he used to live in," Brookes answered, "but he was gone out of it; and the big loggan-stone that had stood in

front of it was upset, and fallen into the gully. The boy might be anywhere in the woods, but there was a thousand miles of them, be it more or less; and we might have searched from this to ten years, and been no nearer to him."

"Well, Mr. Brookes, I have no further inquiries to make of you at present," Caliper said; and as the old servant withdrew, he turned to the major and added, "The case is certainly a curious one, but there seems to be as much of it one way as another, and it ought to give you no sort of uneasiness. I should undoubtedly agree with Miss Vivian in pronouncing it a conspiracy, but for the singular fact that the conspiring parties would seem to have given away their only chances of success. Had the missing will and the certificates of birth and marriage been preserved, the question would have resolved itself into simply proving the genuineness of those documents. M. Malgrè, in making his application on his grandson's behalf, would only have needed to put in his evidence, produce the claimant, and await the results, which could not have failed to be in his favour, had the claim turned out to be genuine. This would have been his course supposing him to have been a true man; and he alleges that he was prevented from taking it by the unexplained disappearance of the evidence on which he relied. No doubt such an excuse would usually be taken as an indication of imposture, but in this instance there was every reason why an impostor should not have made excuses. Lord Castlemere's death came most opportunely for his plans, if they included forgery and personation. In short, there seems to be an obscurity—a link wanting. Had I been acting in the claimant's interest, I should have examined more particularly——"

Here the flow of Mr. Caliper's eloquence, which was beginning to acquire something of the swing and resonance of a solicitor who had in

him the making of a barrister, was interrupted by the entrance of no less a person than Miss Madeleine Vivian. She had been out for a walk, and still wore her little hat and feather, her jacket trimmed with erape, and her short black petticoat. Her long black hair, hanging down on both sides of her cheeks, made the monotony of her costume more apparent. A mourning garb was not suited to her. She acknowledged the presence of the female element in the room only by a sweeping glance, such as a sovereign might bestow upon her waiting-women; she nodded her head at Major Clanroy, but she went up to the solicitor and said—

"What are you here for, Mr. Caliper?"

Mr. Caliper was a bachelor, and did not know how to deal with children. He made a semi-jocose bow, and said, "Your obedient servant, Miss Madeleine!"

"Come, Madey, you must run away now; we are talking business," observed the major.

"I shall not run away, or walk away either. I might tell all you to go away, if it were not for politeness. I am the heiress of Castlemere. You are nothing but my dead uncle's executor. If there's any business, I must hear it," said this young lady, majestically.

"Perhaps Madey can tell us something about the mysterious clergyman," suggested Mrs. Clanroy.

"Such ideas ought not to be put into the child's head," said Miss Vivian. "How could she tell us anything about a clergyman who never existed?"

"Oh, I know what you are talking about," said Madeleine, tossing back her hair. "It is about what happened in the American village."

"And did you see or hear anything of a clergyman calling himself some name like Purdy or Maddox?" her married aunt persisted.

"It was not any name like that," returned Madeleine, with the scorn of

superior knowledge and intellect. "The name he said was one I knew very well; and he said he was—but I didn't believe what he said. He was too ugly a man to be that."

"I am afraid you are making this up out of your head," said the cunning aunt, playfully.

Madeleine regarded the rotund lady with withering contempt. "You wish to make me say things when I am angry that I had not meant to say. I like Aunt Maria better than you, because she is more honourable—Mr. Caliper, why are you standing up?"

To this quite unexpected question the ever-ready solicitor was for once unprepared to reply. He gave a short laugh, stood on the other leg, twirled his eye-glass, and said, "Oh, I—er—I'm—"

"No one has offered you a chair—I know!" interrupted Madeleine, who was now thoroughly embarked in her favourite character of mistress of a great household. "Mr. Caliper, please to sit down in that chair. Mr. Caliper, I shall offer you a glass of wine. Uncle Arthur, you may touch the bell, if you will be so kind. I will have the wine brought."

"Gad, so it shall!" exclaimed the major, immensely delighted with this behaviour, though it reflected upon himself as much as anybody; but spirit and independence were to him irresistible qualities in a woman. "And I'll drink your health, Caliper, when the wine comes," he added. "Meanwhile, all I can say is, that if if you haven't had a seat, neither have I!"

The aspect of affairs having been thus improved, Madeleine deposited herself in a large chair, and said, "Now you see I am not saying it because I am angry. I will tell some things, and I won't tell some others. He said his name was Murdoch Vivian, and that he was my father."

As might be supposed, this statement produced a sensation. The first feeling was one of complete astonishment, followed, probably, at a longer

or shorter interval, according to the nature of the hearer, by incredulity. How should Murdoch have got to America, and why should he go? That he could have known of Lord Castlemere's intention of visiting Suncook was not to be thought of, for his lordship had confided it to no one. It must be either a romance on Madeleine's part, or, as she had herself suggested, an imposition on the part of the man. And yet, why should anybody pretend to be Murdoch Vivian? Most people would have preferred to assume almost any other character.

"What sort of a looking fellow was he, Madey?" inquired the major at length. "Was he a short, thin man, with sandy hair and pale eyes?"

"No," replied Madeleine; and then she described the man's appearance with some minuteness, and the description suited the real Murdoch marvellously well.

"Is that what you remember of your father, Miss Madeleine?" asked Mr. Caliper.

"I don't remember him at all," the child said; "but I don't believe he could have been as ugly as this man was. He was uglier than Aunt Maria."

Hereupon the major betrayed some amusement, causing poor Maria a pang of miserable pain; and Mrs. Clanroy said, "You should not make remarks to hurt people's feelings;" for which benevolent intervention her sister could have strangled her on the spot.

"At what time and place did you first see this person?" asked Caliper, who was now really interested.

"He came along the lane in the evening, after Uncle Floyd had sat down on the stone; and he spoke to Uncle Floyd, and Uncle Floyd didn't answer him or look at him; and then he put his finger on Uncle Floyd's hand; and then he looked frightened, and told me to come away to get a doctor. I shall not tell anything more. I wish to have my tea."

"But I'm sure you will tell us

where you went to find a doctor?" said Mrs. Clanroy, insinuatingly.

Madeleine did not deign to make her any response whatever.

"I am going to have my tea," she said, getting up and marching to the door. "Good-bye, Mr. Caliper. I hope you enjoyed your chair." And with that she let herself out, and was seen no more.

"I'll be hanged if I see through it, after all!" the major exclaimed, when there had been a short silence. "What do you think, Caliper? By Jove, what a saucy little baggage she is! Castlemere was right; she will keep up the credit of the family better than any of us. But what do you think? Looks as if there might be something in it—what?"

"My opinion would be, Major Clanroy," said the lawyer slowly, "that in case this story of Mr. Vivian—of his being in Suncook—could be substantiated, it would not only be comprehensible in itself, but it would suggest an explanation of the disappearance of the documents, and even of the boy. It would be to the Reverend Mr. Murdoch Vivian's advantage that nothing should stand between his daughter and the Castlemere property. I need say no more than that. But in whatever way the affair may turn out, Major Clanroy and ladies," concluded Mr. Caliper, rising, "one thing is certain, that we have nothing to do but to await events. The labouring oar is distinctly and entirely with the other side. Until they do something, we can do nothing; and if they should omit to do anything within the next few years, they will be too late; for Miss Madeleine will have reached the age entitling her to enter into possession."

"But how if this boy were to appear, with all his proofs, afterwards?" meditated Mrs. Clanroy, aloud.

"That would be a capital thing for Caliper, I take it, and the rest of those Chancery Lane fellows, but not of much advantage to us," said the

jocund major. "Well, the whole thing sounds like a story in a book—just as queer and just as credible. For my part, I don't believe half so much of it as I did before I knew how much reason there is to believe! But you're quite right, Caliper; we have nothing to do; and I don't see why we should have, even if the boy appears. After all, Murdoch is as much on Madey's side as we are, and most likely a good deal more so. Let him and M. Malgrè fight it out themselves; I should much prefer being the audience to being the actor in a farce of that kind—what, Maria?"

"There may be something more than a farce in store for us," said Maria, with an air of sombre foreboding. "I always said that Castlemere made a fatal mistake in holding out any hopes to Murdoch; and now Murdoch has been to America concocting plots with this miserable Frenchman. Between the pair of them, there'll be nothing of the property left, or of the family honour either, which you make such a show of caring about, Arthur."

From these observations it may be inferred that Miss Vivian, like many other people, had learned that, in cases where reason and understanding did not avail, the most effective card to play was prejudice.

While the major was explaining to his sister-in-law that she was taking sides against herself, so far as she could be said to be doing anything, Mrs. Clanroy had beckoned Caliper to approach her.

"Now tell me what you really think," she murmured in a smiling undertone; and she glanced up in his face as she said it.

The solicitor fancied he detected, in this private appeal, something significant or particular. He began some reply, but the lady interrupted him.

"Never mind now, Mr. Caliper," she said; "you shall talk to me some other time—I will let you know. I was only thinking, in case of there being any difficulty about deciding

between the wills, whether some other arrangement might not be made for the property. It is in our hands for the present, you know. Some other time. Good day!"

"She wants to contest the will—the old Pharisee!" said Mr. Caliper to himself, as he got into his cab, and was driven to the City. "It won't do. But if she's in want of an occupation, I don't know that I could recommend her a more—public-spirited one!"

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH INTRODUCES THE READER TO A REMARKABLE AND NOT ALTOGETHER PREPOSSESSING PERSONAGE; AND DESCRIBES A PATENT OF HIS INVENTION.

On a clear blue morning in the latter part of this same month of September, a man and a cart were moving lazily along a country road in the northern portion of Devonshire. The road sloped and clambered over hill and dale, and at its higher points gave lovely views of breezy, azure seas. It had showered over night, and the road was brown and damp, without being in puddles. The hedges glistened with drops, and the cobwebs were works of art in silver gauze. The air came cool and sweet from the west, and whitish clouds merged with the horizon in that region. Upon the broad sides of the uplands white dots of sheep grazed. A mile or two towards the north-west the rectangular contour of a large country seat rose above the encompassing shoulders of foliage. The mounting sun shone softly upon it, and a window here and there threw back a diamond glister.

The cart of which mention has been made was a small affair—not much more than an enlarged handcart, with a grey donkey between the shafts. It was painted a fine peacock blue, and the ribs and wheels were picked out in warm lines of red. Upon the side, in the upper forward corner, was written in thin white letters the legend, "*B. Sinclair, Licensed Pedlar.*"

A bit of tarpaulin was thrown over the contents of the cart, but without completely covering them; so that one could see that the pedlar's stock consisted of books. Underneath the cart swung a basket some two feet in diameter, closely covered over. The donkey which drew this brilliant vehicle was an excellent specimen of his tribe; his coat was well brushed, his legs slim and neat, his barrel roomy, his tail an appendage of real elegance, with a vivacious flirting movement to it. His ears were of superb length, with a long fringe of soft hair on the inside edges; and the donkey's master held one of them in his hand and caressed it as they sauntered along together.

His master, the pedlar, was a man of rather remarkable appearance. He was five feet eight inches in height, but so broad shouldered and deep chested as to appear shorter. His neck was thick and muscular, and the head which it supported was square and massive—very capacious behind, flat on the top, and strongly developed both behind and above the ears. The forehead was wide across the temples and compactly moulded throughout; and there was an impression of great power in the brows and the blue eyes underneath them. The hair of this man was short and of a vigorous red hue, and had the look of having lately been rubbed over with a towel, for it stood up in all directions. The beard matched the hair in colour, but was of wirier consistency, and grew thinly on the chin, revealing that feature's resolute prominence. The cheek-bones were high and broad, betokening a bold and adventurous type of character; the nose was straight, and had full nostrils; the mouth was rather small than otherwise, with sharply cut lips. The man's complexion was sunburnt to something approaching the colour of brick-dust; he whistled as he walked along, and every now and then, between the pauses of his tune, the tip of a noticeably slender and pointed tongue slipped from his mouth

and passed itself along his upper lip. The trick seemed in some way characteristic of one phase of the fellow's nature—of a certain acuteness and self-sufficient complacency.

He was without either hat or coat, but his shirt was as white and fine as if it were fresh from the laundry; over it was drawn a waistcoat of corduroy, unbuttoned; he wore knee-breeches of the same material, and thick blue stockings covered the knotted calves of his legs. His arms were long in proportion to his height, and the shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow displayed a muscular development that would have done honour to a blacksmith; the hands, however, were small. Such was the figure that trudged along the quiet road, with the breeze blowing into his open shirt front, and an expression free from care. In fact, he was in the best of spirits and condition, and didn't care who knew it; and his whistling was as exuberant as it was highly finished and artistic.

By and by he arrived at the summit of a low hill, from the brow of which the road dipped into a shallow valley, rising again on the further side. The pedlar had got about half way down the hither incline, when the tramp of hoofs and roll of wheels caught his ear, and looking up he saw a couple of big farm-horses, dragging a heavy waggon behind them, coming towards him at a thumping trot down the opposite slope. At the rate they were going they would meet him at a point some distance this side of the lowest part of the valley. The road-way was here very narrow, so that there was barely room for the big and the little vehicles to pass each other without one of the two going into the ditch. As the big team drew near, the driver of it brandished his whip and cracked it twice or thrice, as if to warn the small team to get out of the way. The pedlar, however, kept on at his former leisurely pace in the very centre of the road, until not more than half-a-dozen rods intervened between his donkey and the

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steeds of the other party. Then he halted his peacock-blue cart and advanced a few paces in front of it.

"Look out! A'll run over thee!" shouted out the driver of the horse, in his broad Devonshire, which I cannot pretend accurately to reproduce. It certainly did look very much as if the pedlar would be run over, and his donkey and cart after him. The horses were close upon him, and coming on with all the impetus of their late descent.

But the pedlar suddenly spread out his arms and made a jump off the ground, causing the horses to swerve; the next moment he seized one of them by the rein close to the bit, pushing his head violently towards the other, and bringing both to a standstill, the waggon lying slantwise across the road. Having accomplished this feat, which was perhaps less difficult than it looked, and disregarding the angry objurgations that were hurled at him by the driver, he walked back to his cart, took a book out of it, and returned with it in his hand. Meanwhile the driver of the horses had jumped to the ground, with his whip in his hand, and an expression upon his face that betokened mischief. He was a tall, brawny fellow, in the prime of manhood and strength.

"Noo, look'ee here, young man, what did 'ee do that for?" he demanded, shaking the handle of his whip within an inch of the other's nose.

"I wanted you to buy this book, for one thing," replied the pedlar, holding up the volume.

"Buy that book!" repeated the other with a roar of indignant amazement. "None o' thy larks noo; a' won't 'ave it."

"And for another thing," the pedlar continued, quite unmoved, "I wanted you to turn out and let me pass. This road is too narrow for both of us."

The teamster paused, as if his thoughts were too great for utterance.

"Zay, do 'ee know who a' be?" he inquired at length.

"So far as I am concerned, you are my customer," was the answer. "Now, this book was written by a man named Smollett—"

"That for thy book!" interrupted the teamster, striking it out of the pedlar's hand with a blow of his whip-handle. "A'm the best man in Bideford—that's who a' be! Zay, wull 'ee fight?"

"If you are the best man in Bideford, they must be an uncivil lot," observed the pedlar, picking up the book, which had fallen face downwards. "See how you have soiled this book; however, since you're going to buy it, it doesn't so much matter. Fight? Certainly, if you wish it. But I tell you beforehand that I shall ~~hurt~~ you more than you will like."

The other laughed, measuring the pedlar with his eye.

"A'll zettle thee with one hand," he said, tossing his whip aside on the grass.

"Thank you. For my part, I will engage neither to strike you nor to throw you, nor even to throttle you; but only to make you go down on your knees and howl for mercy, and to pay me two and sixpence for the book when you come to yourself again."

So saying, he placed the book on the grass beside the whip, planted himself in an easy position before his antagonist, whom he looked steadfastly in the face, and intimated that he was ready to begin.

Now the best man in Bideford was not without some claim to the title by which he had designated himself; he was not a person with whom the average country yokel would care to pick a quarrel. He was a fair wrestler; but what he especially valued himself upon was his skill in the noble art of fisticuffs. He had got beyond the stage of sweeping semi-circular blows, and knew how to hit out from the shoulder. At the present juncture, however, he did not anticipate any

serious call upon his powers; partly because the pedlar was so much shorter than he was, and partly because the short man's way of talking and behaving had inspired him with the notion that he was some sort of comedian or mountebank, who meant no harm to anybody, but who relied for his livelihood upon the coolness and audacity with which he played off his practical jokes. Being under this impression, the champion of the neighbourhood found a large part of his anger had evaporated; he did not wish to appear incapable of taking a jest; though at the same time he felt it incumbent upon himself to show the jester that it would not do to carry matters too far with him. Accordingly, keeping his left hand behind him, he darted out his right, with the fist only half clenched, intending to administer a sound cuff on his adversary's head, and so have done with it. But the pedlar parried the attack even more carelessly than it was made; nor did two or three other more earnest offers meet with any better success.

Seeing this, the champion drew him self together and set his teeth.

"If thou wult ha' it, tak' it!" he said; and sent in a blow as swift as winking and as hard as the kick of a horse. It was aimed to land between the pedlar's eyes, and, had it done so, must have altered his profile. But the pedlar ducked his head, allowing the champion's fist to graze his red hair; and at the same moment the Bideford man found his antagonist inside his guard, and was aware that by a mere letting out of the arm that wily individual had it in his power to dislocate his jaw. The pedlar, however, disengaged laughing, and stood nonchalantly on guard as before.

Thereupon, being nettled, and having also incidentally discovered that there was a firmness of muscle in this red-headed fellow which seemed to require something more than child's play to overcome it, the champion laid aside his contempt and went at his man with both hands and with his best

force and ability. But it appeared absolutely impossible to plant a hit on him; and all the time the pedlar himself had never once offered to strike in return, though he had had at least half-a-dozen excellent chances. At last the Bideford man summoned all his energies, and despatched a blow which, as far as good-will and vigour were concerned, certainly deserved to finish the combat. But the pedlar, who, unlike his opponent, was neither flurried nor out of breath, saw the thunderbolt coming, and suddenly bent his right elbow and lifted it. The thunderbolt struck it fairly upon the point; there was a dolorous sound as of cracking bones, and also a sharp shout of pain. The champion had broken the knuckle of his middle finger, and badly sprained his wrist. And there stood the pedlar, comfortably smiling, and apparently as fresh as when they began.

The sight maddened the best man in Bideford, and his thoughts from warlike waxed homicidal. Uttering a short and savage roar, he rushed at his man and caught him in a wrestling grip. If he could not hammer him to pieces, at all events he could dash him to the earth and crush the life out of him. But even here the brawny champion was to meet disappointment. He had got hold, not of a man, but of an oak tree rooted in the soil; an oak tree, moreover, whose arms compressed him with a clasp, the like whereof he had never either felt or imagined till now. In vain he tugged and strove, throwing a fury of power into each effort; the pedlar stood as if his feet were planted in the centre of the earth, and the gripe of his arms made the Devonshire man's ribs bend like whalebone, and forced the breath gasping from his lips. Then, slowly and irresistibly, he was bent backwards, until his spine felt on the point of snapping; then, suddenly, his feet flew from the earth, and he knew that the next moment he would crash head foremost on the ground. Instead of that, however, he found himself

standing free on his legs once more, not knowing how he came so, but inclined to think that he must have made a complete revolution in the air. And there was the red-headed pedlar coolly taking off his waistcoat, which had got torn all across the back.

"What a strong fellow you are, to be sure," he observed, examining the rent; "I had that piece put in new only last week. Luckily I brought a needle and thread in the basket. However, we'll finish this affair first. Come on!"

"No; a'll ha' no more on't. Go your ways," sullenly replied the champion.

"I mean to; but first, you know, you must go down on your knees and beg for mercy; and then you must pay me half-a-crown for the book. Those were my terms, you remember," said the pedlar, following him up as he retired towards the waggon, and laying his hand on his arm.

The champion turned and looked down on him from his six feet of hitherto unconquered British manhood. Was it really possible that this fellow could have beaten him? Must there not be some mistake about it—some trickery? Might not another trial have a different issue? At all events, the idea of begging the pardon of a man four inches shorter than himself was not to be entertained for a moment, still less of buying his book.

The champion expressed what he meant in explicit, though not original phrase, when, shaking off the other's hold, he growled sturdily—

"A'll see thee damned first!"

"That's a fine fellow," exclaimed the pedlar, with his peculiar sly laugh. "Now, then, I'll put you up to something. When you gripped me last time, you took a bad hold. You should have passed your arm across my shoulder, and tried a trip. Your height will give you an advantage there, you see. Oblige me by making the experiment—so!"

This time it seemed to the champion

that he had an advantage indeed. He could not, indeed, immediately throw his enemy, but he could move him. They quartered over the ground, and several times the Bideford man almost thought he had succeeded; but each time the other skilfully eluded the trip. Meanwhile they were getting nearer and nearer to the waggon. The champion, who was working his very best, was panting to the full compass of his lungs, and his hair was matted with sweat; but the pedlar, though breathing deeply, did not seem at all distressed; it occurred to him of Devonshire that he was not putting forth his full strength. The thought that he should be played with stimulated him to the pitch of frenzy, and grinding his teeth together, he drew in his breath for a supreme struggle. But just then he was whirled round, and his shoulders came in contact with the wheel of his waggon; and then he knew that his time had come.

The left arm of the pedlar, which was round the champion's neck, tightened, and the latter felt for the first time how enormous was the power against which he had been fighting. He was caught in a trap from which there was no escape; he could not push the pedlar away, nor get hold of his arm to unclasp it; and the wheel at his back prevented any attempt to get free in that direction. Gradually the pedlar drew his head down to his left shoulder; and having clamped it there, he applied the knuckles of his right hand to the hollow of the unlucky man's temple, pressing and working them into it with unrelenting force. Whoever cares to make the experiment may easily convince himself that the pain caused by this treatment soon becomes insupportable. In fact, there are few forms of torture less endurable. A very terrible and furious scene now began. The Bideford champion fought like a mad tiger to get free. He wrenched himself from side to side, he wriggled, he twisted, he beat frantically with his hands upon the pedlar's back and sides, tearing his

shirt to shreds, and burying his nails in the smooth hard flesh; he kicked, he stamped, he gnashed his teeth; and all the while, without an instant's cessation, that fearful hardness went on boring into his brain, and a pair of terrible blue eyes stared derisively into his own, and ever and anon the tip of a pointed tongue slipped out between a pair of smiling lips, curled across them, and slipped in again. Those eyes and that tongue were never forgotten by the Bideford man to his dying day; and many a time did he awake from sleep, with horror in his soul, having dreamt that they were before him again.

Man is fortunately so constituted as not to withstand infernal suffering indefinitely; and the present instance was no exception to the rule. After a few minutes the victim's strength left him, and his struggles became merely convulsive. He lifted his arms at short intervals with a spasmodic movement, the hands quivering; a thin, shrill shriek came quivering in gasps from his throat; his eyeballs rolled up, the eyelids closing, opening, then closing again. Finally, a ghastly pallor overspread the face, upon which a cold moisture broke forth; the lips turned a bluish hue; the labouring chest collapsed, and the lately vigorous body sagged downwards, a limp dead-weight. The man had fainted from sheer agony. When the pedlar was convinced that there was no sensation left in him he removed his knuckles from his antagonist's temple, unclasped his arm from his neck, and laying hold of the body dragged it to the side of the road and laid it out upon the grass. Then, stooping with his hands on his knees, he contemplated it curiously for a few moments. Except for a slight discoloration on the temple there was no mark to indicate the deadly torture which this lump of insensible clay had undergone.

"Sinclair's Patent!" said the pedlar to himself with a low chuckle. "I ought to apply to her majesty for

letters of protection, instead of which I have communicated the invention by practical demonstration, to at least half a dozen persons during the last two years." He stood erect, and contemplated his tattered shirt with a sort of comic ruefulness. "Look at that, now!" he said; "would not any one say that I had been the more hardly used of the two? These fellows have no manners. I wonder whether I shall ever meet with a man who will fight fair to the end! My Bideford friend fell to kicking like a mule and scratching like a cat as soon as he found himself in chancery. He has bruised my shins, and I do believe my shoulders are bleeding. They are! Well, it serves me right! I am too much of a child for this world; so infatuated with my little patent as to endure any amount of inconvenience and rough usage rather than forego the pleasure of applying it. Be a man, Sinclair! and deny yourself once in a while, if only to show that you are able to do it. Well, well! this is my last indulgence for the present. Bideford is the goal of my pilgrimage, and a right pleasant pilgrimage it has been; delicious weather, lovely scenery, lots of fun with the books and the bumpkins, not to mention one or two really Homeric combats. And now I resume the fetters of civilisation once more. But let me hasten to my toilet. I wonder what the Maurices would say if they could see me now!"

While speaking he had stripped off the shreds of his shirt, thereby disclosing a torso like that of a Hercules, polished and white as ivory, and bound about and plated with great muscles that swelled and knotted as he moved. A small brook trickled through the fields, and passed beneath a low bridge at the dip of the road, and to this Mr. Sinclair betook himself, and subjected the superior parts of his person to a careful washing. He made use of the torn shirt as a towel, afterwards bundling it up and tossing it into the stream. Finally he returned to the cart, unstrapped

the basket from underneath and took out a fresh shirt, as crisp and immaculate as a laundress could make it. Having put this on Mr. Sinclair went to take a look at his late antagonist, who had as yet shown no signs of moving from the position in which he lay. He placed his hand over the unconscious man's heart, felt his pulse, pulled up his eyelid and examined his eye; and being by these investigations satisfied that something ought to be done, he procured a tin dipper from his cart, filled it with water, and dashed the contents sharply on the other's face. After repeating this treatment three or four times symptoms of life began to show themselves, and in a little while the fallen champion opened his eyes to a world of pain and wondered how he came there.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTAINS MORE OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE RED-HEADED PEDLAR; AND PORTRAYS A SCENE IN A HITHERTO UNACTED VERSION OF THE TRAGEDY OF "UNDINE."

"How do you find yourself now?" the pedlar inquired, bending over him. "As well as ever!"

The man raised himself on one arm, and pressed the other hand to his head, which felt as if an iron bolt had been forced into it, and were gradually expanding. He attempted to say something, but only a weak and semi-articulate sound resulted. He looked up at the pedlar with a darkened and confused expression, but after a few moments dropped his eyes with a shudder.

"I see—headache and nausea," observed the pedlar composedly. "The best of us are subject to such attacks at times. Have a drop of brandy."

He held a flask of that liquor to the man's lips, who swallowed a few mouthfuls and gave a slight groan. The pedlar stood back, with his arms folded and his chin sunk on his breast, watching him.

"Come," he exclaimed presently, "suppose you try and get on your pins. Set your blood moving again, and you'll soon be all right. Take my hand and put your foot against mine—there you are!"

There he was, indeed, a very shaky looking object. But the pedlar took him by the arm, made him walk up and down, spoke to him in an encouraging tone, slapped him on the back, until, by dint of these and other attentions, he had restored him to something like his conscious self. It was evident, however, that the man's system had received a shock from which it would not soon recover.

Then quoth the pedlar, "You are getting on famously. If I could spend the day with you I dare say you would have forgotten all about this little affair before supper-time. But, unluckily, we're both business men and have our affairs to attend to. So perhaps the best thing you can do will be to get down on your knees at once and have it over. Then you can take your book, give me my two and sixpence, and we'll wish each other good luck. What do you think?"

"Ye wouldn't ask that, surely!—ye wouldn't bid me bend the knee to thee, mun?" exclaimed the other in a shaken voice. "Oh, a' could never look honest man in the face again."

The pedlar came close up to him, and gazed at him with his odd, derisive smile. "Pooh! who's to know it?" he said. "Who would ever believe that a man like you would kneel and beg for mercy to a man like me, who hardly comes up to your ear? I won't tell, and I don't suppose you will. Come—just to help you, I'll count three; and if you're not down by the time I get to three—why, then we'll have our little tussle over again. One—two—"

"Oh! a'd rather die!" cried the Bideford man, covering his eyes with his hands.

"Three!" said the pedlar. There was an instant's pause and silence. The Bideford man still remained

standing. The next instant the pedlar moved closer and laid the knuckle of his thumb to the discoloured spot on the man's temple. At the touch the man crouched to the earth, as if his legs had crumbled beneath him. There, still keeping his eyes covered with his hands, he mumbled out a few miserable words,—few, but enough to rob him of his self-respect and independence for the rest of his life. To some minds it would have been an unpleasant spectacle, but it did not appear at all to dash the spirits of the red-headed pedlar. He walked to the place where the book was lying, picked it up, and returned with it, saying good-humouredly,

"Now we come to the pleasant part. When a man goes down on his knees to me, I always make a point of rewarding him. Here is a work—*Roderick Random*—written by one of the most ingenious and entertaining authors of the last century. If this book had never been written, it would have been a loss to English literature such as could scarcely be estimated in money; and yet I am going to give it to you for half-a-crown! Why, it's a gift fit for a king—and not unworthy, I should hope, of the best man in Bideford! Two and sixpence. I should charge any one but you three shillings. But—cash, you know! I'm not able to give credit."

The man got slowly to his feet. He was the same man who had stepped down from his waggon so haughtily only half an hour before, and yet as different as degradation is different from honour. His shoulders drooped; he kept his eyes averted with a hang-dog look. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth some silver and copper, which he held out to the pedlar.

"Tak' what thou wult," he said in a muttering tone. "If 'ee'd tak' my life into bargain, a'd thank 'ee."

"Thank you," returned the other, helping himself to the sum required. "As to your life, of course it will be more convenient for both of us that

you should keep it. A man must be very useless if a dead body is worth exchanging him for. Here's your book; put it in your pocket, and read it at every spare moment; it will remind you of our acquaintance! And don't be down in the mouth, my good fellow. I have been round the world, and seen all sorts of men, from Digger Indians to emperors; and I have seen everywhere men occupying the same relative position that you and I do. Society thinks nothing of it; and the better the society, the commoner it is. One man is the master, the other man is the slave; and the sooner they know it, the more comfortable will they be. There's a bit of worldly wisdom for you, gratis—and quite as true as anything the parson can tell you! So good luck to you. By the way, what is your name?"

"Tom Berne," he answered, in the same dulled way. "Little good the name is to me noo!"

"Berne!" The name seemed to strike the pedlar. "Tom Berne—the same who climbed down the cliff twelve years ago and carried the rope to his brother Hugh?"

"What dost thou know o' that?" demanded Tom Berne, raising his heavy eyes in surprise.

The pedlar gave a whistle, and an expression of annoyance passed across his face. "I can believe now, Tom Berne, that you were once the best man in Bideford," he said; "and if you had told me this before, you might have been so still, so far as I'm concerned. Well—spilt milk is past crying for! Farewell, Tom Berne, and be damned to you. I would rather you had driven your infernal waggon over the cliff than have met me here to-day!"

With this ambiguous adieu, the pedlar took his donkey by the bridle, and pushed on past the waggon and up the hill. He passed over the brow and out of sight without looking round, or altering his pace. Tom Berne, after standing stupidly for some time with

his arms hanging loose by his sides and his head down, heaved a long sigh, picked up his whip, and clambering to his seat, drove on in the opposite direction.

Mr. Sinclair, after proceeding for some distance without betraying his usual appreciation of the charms of the scenery and of his own happy sensations, at length halted his cart and looked about him. A narrow footpath, visible for some distance across the wide fields, reached its end at this point in an old-fashioned country stile. Some trees grew here and there, with a cool spread of turf beneath their shade; a couple of birds were holding a musical discussion in a neighbouring hedge; altogether the spot suited Mr. Sinclair's idea of what a halting-place should be. Accordingly he relieved his donkey from its halter and head-stall, and unbuckled it from the shafts, to graze at its pleasure; while he himself climbed over the stile, carrying with him a needle and thread, a piece of bread and cold sausage, and a book. Having selected a comfortable nook on the other side, he first sewed up the rent in his waistcoat with feminine neatness and dexterity. This done to his satisfaction, he put the waistcoat on, and munched his bread and sausage meditatively. Finally, he produced a cigar-case from his pocket, lit a cigar, and lay down at his ease to read his book, which was a copy of the *Undine* of De la Motte Fouqué.

He had spent perhaps ten minutes in this innocent occupation, and had got to the best part of the cigar, and the most sentimental passage of the story, when a shadow fell across the page, and he looked up and saw a slim young girl, with black hair and deep black eyes, who was gazing down at him, with her hands clasped behind her back.

"Who are you, man?" she said, when they had inspected one another.

"A pedlar. Who are you, young lady?"

"The mistress of this land. At

least I shall be. Why are you here?"

"It's such a nice place. Do you want me to go?"

"No. You look clean. But you have very red hair. Are you orderly?"

"I will be, while I am here. Is that house the place you live in?"

"When we are in the country. In the season I live in London. Only, last summer I was in America. My uncle died there. I am the heiress of his estates."

"Then you will be very rich, I suppose?"

"The revenues are more than thirty thousand pounds a year. I shall give some of it away, though. I shall give a thousand pounds a year to my father. Then my Aunt Maria has some; but I think she won't live very long—she is so ~~young~~ and so old. She is fifty. Then I shall give half to somebody else, if he comes. Only he won't come, perhaps; he may perish."

"Is he the gentleman you are going to marry?"

"He isn't a gentleman; at least, his dress isn't, nor the place he lived in. But I can't tell you about him. We exchanged keepsakes. I gave him the miniature; he gave me this arrow-head. But that is a secret. You must not tell any one."

"Why do you let me know your secrets? Pedlars sometimes tell secrets."

"I think you are an honest pedlar. I like you better than I thought I did. Perhaps you are a prince in disguise. You must be very sorry you have such red hair; perhaps it will grow to be black like mine after a good many years. Oh, you have a book. Can you read?"

"I can read some things; but only if I like them. This is a German book about a fairy who lived in the water. Will you sit down and hear about her?"

"Well, a little while. Only you must remember that I am a great lady, and you are nothing but a poor pedlar. Is it a tragedy?"

"A sort of tragedy; the sort that makes you cry and feel nice."

"Does it make you cry?"

"Yes, if I have had a good dinner and feel comfortable. I was just thinking about crying when you came up."

"Oh, I'm sorry I prevented you. I like that sort of crying, too—when you're not angry, you know. Sometimes I do that for Shakespeare."

"Yes, I would do a good deal for Shakespeare myself. But now listen to this. By the way, though, it is too long to read—I'll tell you the first part. Which do you like best—a lovely day like this, with the fresh air and blue sky, the sparkling sea, the trees and grass, the showers and sunshine, the sound of those birds in the hedge, and the tinkle of the sheep bells over yonder—do you like all this best, or some living human person, like him who gave you that arrow-head?"

"Oh, him, I think," said the black-eyed girl, musingly; "though it is more trouble."

"Yes, a great deal more trouble. Now, according to the writer of this book, the reason is that all this beauty that we see around us, in spite of its beauty, has no soul; but the person who gave you the arrow-head has. Men and women are made, this writer thinks, of something invisible and immortal, that is really themselves; and the part of them that we see, and touch, and hear, is merely a sort of imitation of that immortal invisibility, which grows upon them as the clay of a statue grows upon the idea of it in the sculptor's mind. This imitation is what we call the body; it is made out of the earth; and at last, when the immortal invisibility, which is our soul, has gone about in that covering for a certain time, it leaves it to its own earth again. But there is this strange thing about our earthly life—that it is a union of something immortal with something that lasts only a few years; and this is the cause of all our sorrows. For our souls forget

that they are really separate from our bodies, and when we see people die and disappear, it seems a wrong and a grievance, because of the feeling in us that we should by rights live for ever. In the same way, we wish to do many things—to fly in the air, to be in the presence of those we love, to make some moments stay for years, and some years pass in a moment, to be always young and vigorous, to have the sun shine when we are glad, and the twilight fall when we are thoughtful; a hundred things like these we wish to do, but our bodies prevent us from doing them; and forgetting that we are not our bodies, we feel the sorrow of having desires that cannot be fulfilled. We are like prisoners who see from their prison windows a delightful paradise stretching before them, and who know they have all the faculties to enjoy it; but who cannot do so, because they are chained to the wall. But that is not all. The highest earthly joys we know are, rightly considered, an even greater wrong to us than our sorrows, if our souls and bodies are really the same. For such joys always bring with them the feeling that they are but an imperfect glimpse or hint of far greater and more perfect joys than they. They seem to uplift us to mighty mountain-tops, from which we behold a glorious world, that of ourselves, we never should have dreamed of. Could anything be more cruel than to let us taste just enough of such delights to whet our appetites, and then to tell us we shall know no more of them? Yet that is what happens to us, if our souls are really one with our bodies. But there is another kind of joys, not so many nor so transcendent as these, but very solid appreciable joys for all that, which we call the pleasures of the body. They are, eating and drinking; having gold in our pockets and gems on our fingers; indulging ourselves with whatever we take a fancy to, without fear of conscience or consequences; being revered and obeyed by everybody else;—these are plea-

asures which belong to the earth we live in, and the more we have to do with them the better satisfied we become to take our earthly life as the only life there is. Yet even here the invisible part interferes and mars our comfort, for by and by the pleasures of the body cease to please as they did at first; the bodily senses get dull and tired; and we, instead of taking it as a matter of course, and not minding, as we should do if our bodies only were concerned,—instead of that we grieve ourselves with the thought that what little happiness the world could give us is coming to an end, while the memory of what had been still remains. For if we are to enjoy no happiness in the future it is a cruel and useless injustice to let us remember the happiness of the past.

“Now, my young lady, these facts make us think three things. The first is, that mankind are the most unfortunate beings conceivable. The second is, that one way to render them happy would be to let the soul (if there is one) live apart from the body in freedom. The third is, that another way would be to let the body live apart from the soul in peace. The former of these alternatives is said to occur after death; but with that we have nothing to do at present. The other is said to have occurred on this earth a great many years ago. In that remote time they existed a race of beings called fairies. They inhabited the earth, the air, and the water, and had magical powers over the elements which they severally inhabited, and could transform themselves into it at will. A fairy of the earth, for instance, could appear as a stone or a tree or a blade of grass; an air fairy could transform himself into a whirlwind or a cloud; and a water-sprite could in a moment become a stream, a cataract, or a shower of rain. These fairies had no more soul than the elements from which they sprang, and their aspect was hideous or beautiful, terrible or charming, according to circumstances, as is the case also with

water, earth, and air. But although they had no souls there was one way, and one way only, in which they could get a soul put into them. If a mortal man or woman loved a fairy so intimately and unreservedly as to communicate to it the very essence of human love and life, then the germ of a soul would be implanted in the fairy's heart, and it would become human like ourselves, and lose its thoughtless and unremembering happiness—which was merely like the flicker of sunshine, or the sparkle of water or gems, or the hum of insects, having no depth or meaning—and on the other hand, it would live for ever after death, which other fairies do not.”

“Is all that in the book?” inquired the girl.

“Well, some of it is, I believe; and the rest was probably in the mind of the author when he wrote the story of *Undine*.”

“But it is about Undine that I wish to hear. Was she a fairy?”

“She was a water-sprite; and her father, being ambitious that she should get a soul, as other fathers are ambitious that their children should get an education—not knowing how much harm it may do them—exchanged her for the mortal child of a certain pious old fisherman. In course of time a noble young knight came riding through the enchanted forest, and fell in love with her; for though she had no soul as yet, and was as changeable and wayward and thoughtless as a rivulet, yet she was extremely beautiful, and laughing, and lovely.”

“I am not laughing, so I am not like her,” observed the listener; “and you are not like the noble young knight, are you? He couldn't have had hair like yours.”

“Probably not; but after all it is less a matter of hair than of feeling: and there have been times, I believe, when I have felt more like Huldbrand than you ever felt like Undine, as she was before her marriage. For they were married, and a strange, fantastic

wedding it was, in the old fisherman's hut, with mysterious sounds and gleams in the night air, and the tall phantom of a stately man in a white flowing mantle peering in at the window while the priest pronounced them man and wife. And then comes one of the parts that makes me think about crying. For poor little Undine, who had all her life been so light of heart and careless, now began to feel the shadow of a soul stealing over her; and at one moment she shrank from it in bewilderment and dismay; and the next moment broke out in gambols and glancing smiles, as a brook gambols and glances just before it rushes for ever into the unknown shadow of a cavern. Poor little Undine! If I had been Huldbrand, I think I should have driven my dagger through her heart with one hand, while with the other I put on her finger the wedding-ring."

"Did Huldbrand do that?"

"No, not he. He gave her a soul, as if it had been a golden bracelet, to keep or to cast away; but a soul is a gift that can never be recalled. For my part, if falling in love with a fairy would cure me of my soul and all recollection of it, I would find her and fall in love with her this very afternoon. It's a humbug, young lady, depend upon it. If we have souls destined for heaven, why in heaven's name were they ever sent on earth? When I was about your age, I used to learn a thing called the catechism. This told me, among other things, that there were a great many things I must not do; such as murder, steal, lie, and so forth. But since then, on my way through the world, I have observed that the fairies do all these and worse things, and are never thought the less of for it. Earth, air, and water all commit murder upon occasion, and lie, and steal; and so do bears and sharks and robin redbreasts. But if I do them, though they give me great pleasure and profit in the doing, I hear about my sins immediately, and get punished into the bargain, if any one is by to take the whip to me. But

if these things are sins, why was I made to hanker after them, and why does all nature set me an example which I must not follow? And what man is there in this world who has the right to tell me that sin is one thing and virtue another. Where did he learn it? Why, from the catechism. And who wrote the catechism? Why, the Sunday-school teacher. And who taught the Sunday-school teacher? Oh, he found it in the Bible. And who wrote the Bible? Moses and the prophets. And from whom did Moses——"

"Does Huldbrand say all this?" inquired the dark-eyed maiden.

"No; Huldbrand said very little; all he did was to fall in love with another woman and break Undine's heart. And then something happens. Ah! there is a scene for some great actress to make immortal."

"Then tell me; because, when I am tired of being a great heiress, I mean to be the greatest actress that ever lived."

"Well, then, act this!" said the pedlar, rising on one knee, while his face became singularly vivid and expressive. "Think of me as one who has known what is best and purest in the world, and has aspired to love it and call it his own. And you, who are the embodiment of that best and purest, love me, and spend the treasure of your heart on me; because the divine goodness that is in woman sees even in me the lovely image of itself, which itself has created there. Then, for a time, we are happier than souls in heaven. But a day comes when I fall away from you, and descend to love the lying phantom of you that gives a flattering warmth to baser things. You grieve for me with a holy sorrow, and would fain forgive me, and make good to me the evil happiness that I have chosen. But, by an awful and just law, those who have wilfully profaned the sacred innocence of their souls must suffer death; and that death must come through the very innocence they have profaned. So

you, Undine, loving me still with the tender and yearning love that all my unworthiness could not overcome, open my guilty door and enter in, to press upon my lips that kiss of death which is the only mercy left me to receive. I see the sweetness of your face—and tears that dim your eyes—I think of all that might have been; but terror and thick darkness are creeping near. As your face bends to mine——”

“No—no! it shall not be, Huldbrand; I will not kill you with a kiss. I will save you—you shall live—or we will die together.”

A pair of slender arms were round the pedlar's neck, and a small, black-haired Undine was sobbing passionately on his shoulder. The actress had been carried away by her part; possibly the actor had been not unimpressed by his. Men sometimes seek strange times and methods for uttering with impunity the secrets that they never otherwise reveal even to themselves. After a moment, the pedlar rose to his feet, unclasping the impulsive arms, and laughing perfunctorily.

“When you make your first appearance before the footlights, young lady,” he said, “mind you look in the stage box on the left hand side, and there you will see me, red hair and all, with a bouquet as broad as you are long, all ready to throw at you. Ha, ha, ha! Why, that scene of ours would have brought down the house. What a pity there was no one to see it but my donkey!”

The little maiden looked at him through her tears, with a puzzled, and, as it were, defrauded air.

“You must be a sort of fairy yourself,” she said; “you have seemed to be two or three different things since I met you. Which are you, really?”

“Well, young lady, that's a secret; and it's the safest one in the world, for I don't know the answer to it myself. Good-bye, I must be off.”

“Shall I ever see you again?”

“Not as you have seen me to-day,” replied the pedlar.

He climbed over the stile, harnessed up his donkey, and was out of sight before Madeleine discovered that he had left *Undine* behind him.

(To be continued.)

THE GEOLOGICAL INFLUENCES WHICH HAVE AFFECTED BRITISH HISTORY.

PROBABLY few readers realise to how large an extent the events of history have been influenced by the geological structure of the ground whereon they have been enacted. I propose to illustrate this influence from some of the more salient features in the early human occupation of the British Islands, and in the subsequent historical progress of the English people. No better proof of the reality of the relation in question could be given than the familiar contrast between the heart of England and the heart of Scotland. The one area is a region of low plains, inhabited by an English-speaking race, richly agricultural in one part, teeming with a busy mining population in another, dotted with large cities; the air often foul from the smoke of thousands of chimneys and resonant with the clanking of innumerable manufactories, and the screams of locomotives flying hither and thither over a network of railways. The other region is one of rugged mountains and narrow glens tenanted by a Celtic race, which, keeping to its old Gaelic tongue and primitive habits, has never built towns, hardly even villages—a region partly devoted to pasture, and still haunted by the game and wild animals of primeval times, but with no industrial centres, no manufactures of any kind, and only a feeble agriculture struggling for existence along the bottoms of the valleys. Now, why should two parts of the same small country differ so widely from each other? To give a complete answer to the question would of course involve a detailed examination of the history of each area. But we should find that fundamentally the differences have arisen from the originally utterly distinct geological structure of the two regions. This

diversity of structure initiated the divergences in human characteristics even in far pre-historic times, and continues, even in spite of the blending influences of modern civilization, to maintain them down to the present day.

Let us first briefly consider what was the probable condition of Britain at the time when the earliest human beings appeared in the country. At that ancient epoch there can be no doubt that the British Islands still formed part of the mainland of Continental Europe. There is reason to believe that the general level of these islands may have been then considerably higher than it has been since. From the shape of the bottom of the Atlantic immediately to the west of our area, as revealed by the abundant soundings and dredgings of recent years, it is evident that if the British Islands were now raised even 1,000 feet or more above their present level, they would not thereby gain more than a belt of lowland somewhere about 200 miles broad on their western border. They stand, in fact, nearly upon the edge of the great European plateau which, about 230 miles to the west of them, plunges rapidly down into the abysses of the Atlantic. It is perfectly certain, therefore, that though our area was formerly prolonged westwards beyond its present limits, there has never been any important mass of land to the west of us in recent geological times, or within what we call the human period—probably never at any geological epoch at all. Every successive wave of migration, whether of plant or of animal, must have come from the other or eastern side. But though our country could never have stretched much beyond its present westward limits, it once undoubtedly

spread eastward over the site of what is now the North Sea. Even at the present day, an elevation of less than 600 feet would convert the whole of that sea into dry land from the north of Shetland to the headlands of Brittany. At the time when these wide plains united Britain to the mainland, the Thames was no doubt a tributary of the Rhine, which, in its course northward, may have received other affluents from the east of Britain before it poured its waters into the Atlantic somewhere between the heights of Shetland and the mountainous coasts of Southern Norway.

There is evidence of remarkable oscillations of climate at the epoch of the advent of man into this part of Europe. A time of intense cold, known as the Ice Age or Glacial period, was drawing to a close. Its glaciers, frozen rivers and lakes, and floating icebergs, had converted most of Britain, and the whole of Northern Europe, into a waste of ice and snow, such as North Greenland still is; but the height of the cold was past, and there now came intervals of milder seasons, when the wintry mantle was withdrawn northwards, so as to allow the vegetation and the roaming animals of more temperate latitudes to spread westwards into Britain. From time to time a renewal of the cold once more sent down the glaciers into the valleys, or even into the sea, froze the rivers over in winter, and allowed the Arctic flora and fauna again to migrate southwards into tracts from which the temperate plants and animals were forced by the increasing cold to retreat. At last, however, the Arctic conditions of climate ceased to reappear, and the Arctic vegetation, with its accompanying reindeer, musk-sheep, lemming, Arctic fox, glutton, and other northern animals, retreated from our low grounds. Of these ancient chilly periods, however, the Arctic plants still found on our mountain tops remain as living witnesses, for they are doubtless descendants of the northern vegetation which over-

spread Britain when still part of the Continent, and before the arrival of our present temperate flora and fauna.

Previous to the final retreat of the ice, the alternating warmer intervals brought into Britain many wild animals from milder regions to the south. Horses, stags, Irish elks, roe deer, wild oxen, and bisons roamed over the plains; wild boars, three kinds of rhinoceros, two kinds of elephant, brown bears and grizzly bears, haunted the forests. The rivers were tenanted by the hippopotamus, beaver, otter, water-rat; while among the carnivora were wolves, foxes, wild cats, hyænas, and lions. Many of these animals must have moved in herds across the plains, over which the North Sea now rolls. Their bones have been dredged up in hundreds by the fishermen from the surface of the Dogger-Bank.

Such were the denizens of southern England when man made his first appearance there. It seems not unlikely that he came some time before the close of the long Ice Age. He may have been temporarily driven out of the country by the returning cold periods, but would find his way back as the climate ameliorated. Much ingenuity has been expended in tracing a succession of civilization in this primeval human population of Britain. Among the records of its presence there have been supposed to be traces of an earlier race of hunters of a low order, furnished with the rudest possible stone implements; and a later people, who, out of the bones of the animals they captured, supplied themselves with deftly-made, and even artistically decorated weapons. All that seems safely deducible from the evidence, however, may be summed up in saying that the *palæolithic* men, or men of the older stone period, who hunted over the plains and fished in the rivers, and lived in the caves of this country, have left behind them implements, rude indeed, but no doubt quite suitable for their purpose; and likewise other weapons and tools of a more finished kind, which bear a close

relationship to the implements still in use among the modern Eskimos. It has been suggested that the Eskimos are their direct descendants, driven into the inhospitable north by the pressure of more warlike races.

The rude hunter and dweller in caves passed away before the advent of the farmer and herdsman of the *Neolithic* or later stone period. We know much more of him than of his predecessors. He was short of stature, with an oblong head, and probably a dark skin and dark curly hair. His implements of stone were often artistically fashioned and polished. Though still a hunter and fisher, he knew also how to farm. He had flocks and herds of domestic animals; he was acquainted with the arts of spinning, could make a rude kind of pottery, and excavate holes and subterranean galleries in the chalk for the extraction of flints for his weapons and tools. That he had some notion of a future state may be inferred from arrow-heads, pottery, and implements of various kinds which are found in his graves, evidently placed there for the use of the departed. He has been regarded as probably of a Non-Aryan race, of which perhaps the modern Basques are lineal descendants, isolated among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees by the advance of younger tribes. Traces of his former presence in Britain have been conjectured to be recognisable in the small dark Welshmen, and the short swarthy Irishmen of the west of Ireland.

When the earliest Neolithic men appeared in this region, Britain may have still been united to the Continent. But the connection was eventually broken. It is obvious that no event in the geological history of Britain can have had a more powerful influence on its human history than the separation of the country as a group of islands cut off by a considerable channel from direct communication with the mainland of Europe. Let us consider for a moment how the disconnection was probably brought about.

There can be no doubt that at the time when Britain became an island, the general contour of the country was on the whole what it is still. The same groups of mountains rose above the same plains and valleys, which were traversed by the same winding rivers. We know that in the glacial and later periods considerable oscillations of level took place; for, on the one hand, beds of sea-shell are found at heights of 1,200 or 1,300 feet above the present sea-level; and, on the other hand, ancient forest-covered soils are now seen below tide-mark. It was doubtless mainly subsidence that produced the isolation of Britain. The whole area slowly sank, until the lower tracts were submerged, the last low ridge connecting the land with France was overflowed, and Britain became a group of islands. But unquestionably the isolation was helped by the ceaseless wear and tear of the superficial agencies which are still busy at the same task. The slow but sure washing of descending rain, the erosion of water-courses, and the gnawing of sea-waves all told in the long degradation. And thus, foundering from want of support below, and eaten away by attacks above, the low lands gradually diminished, and disappeared beneath the sea.

Now, in this process of separation, Ireland unfortunately became detached from Britain. We have had ample occasion in recent years to observe how much this geological change has affected our domestic history. That the isolation of Ireland took place before Britain had been separated from the Continent, may be inferred from a comparison of the distribution of living plants and animals. Of course, the interval which had then elapsed since the submergences and ice-sheets of the glacial period must have been of prodigious duration, if measured by ordinary human standards. Yet it was too short to enable the plants and animals of Central Europe completely to possess themselves of the British area. Generation after generation they were

moving westward, but long before they could all reach the north-western seaboard, Ireland had become an island, so that their further march in that direction was arrested, and before the subsequent advancing bands had come as far as Britain, it too had been separated by a sea channel which finally barred their progress. Comparing the total land mammals of the west of Europe, we find that while Germany has ninety species, Britain has forty, and Ireland only twenty-two. The reptiles and amphibia of Germany number twenty-two, those of Britain thirteen, and those of Ireland four. Again, even among the winged tribes, where the capacity for dispersal is so much greater, Britain possesses twelve species of bats, while Ireland has no more than seven, and 130 land-birds to 110 in Ireland. The same discrepancy is traceable in the flora, for while the total number of species of flowering plants and ferns found in Britain amounts to 1,425, those of Ireland number 970—about two-thirds of the British flora. Such facts as these are not explicable by any difference of climate rendering Ireland less fit for the reception of more varied vegetation and animal life; for the climate of Ireland is really more equable and genial than that of the regions lying to the east of it. They receive a natural and consistent interpretation on the assumption of the gradual separation of the British Islands during a continuous north-westward migration of the present flora and fauna from Central Europe.

The last neck of land which united Britain to the mainland was probably that through which the Strait of Dover now runs. Apart from the general subsidence of the whole North Sea area, which is attested by submerged forests on both sides, it is not difficult to perceive how greatly the widening of the channel has been aided by waves and tidal currents. The cliffs of Kent on the one side and of the Boulonnais on the other, ceaselessly battered by the sea, and sapped by the trickle of per-

colating springs, are crumbling before our very eyes. The scour of the strong tides which pour alternately up and down the strait must have helped also to deepen the Channel. And yet, in spite of the subsidence and this constant erosion, the depression remains so shallow that its deepest parts are less than 180 feet below the surface. As has often been remarked, if St. Paul's Cathedral could be shifted from the heart of London to the middle of the Straits of Dover more than half of it would rise above water.

At what relative time in the human occupation of the region this channel was finally opened cannot be determined. At first the strait was doubtless much narrower than it has since become, so that it would not oppose the same obstacle to free intercourse which it now does, and Neolithic man may have readily traversed it in his light coracle of skins. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the old Basque or Iberian stock had for many ages inhabited Britain before the succeeding wave of human migration advanced to overflow and efface it. The next invaders—the first advance-guard of the great Aryan family—were Celts, whose descendants still form a considerable part of the population of the British Isles. The Celt differed in many respects from the small swarthy Iberian whom he supplanted. He was tall, round-headed and fair skinned, with red or brown hair. Endowed with greater bodily strength and pugnacity, he drove before him the older and smaller race of short oblong-headed men, gradually extirpating them, or leaving here and there, in less attractive portions of the country, small island-like remnants of them which insensibly mingled with their conquerors, though, as I have already remarked, traces of these remnants are perhaps partially recognisable in the characteristic Iberian-like lineaments of some districts of the country even at the present day.

The Celts, as we now find them in Britain, belong to two distinct divisions

of the race, the Irish or Gaelic, and the Welsh or Cymric. Some difference of opinion has arisen as to which of these branches appeared in the country first. It seems to me that if the question is discussed on the evidence of geological analogy, the unquestionable priority should be assigned to the Gaels. There can be no doubt that the Celts came from the east. They had already overspread Gaul and Belgium before they invaded Britain. The tribe which is found on the most northerly and westerly tracts must have crossed on its way the regions lying to the east, while on the other hand, the race occupying the eastern tracts should be of later origin. We ought to judge of the spread of the human population as we do of that of the flora and fauna. Had England been already occupied by the Welsh, Cymric or British branch, it is inconceivable that the Irish or Gaelic branch could have marched through the territory so occupied, and have established itself in Scotland and Ireland. The Gaels were, no doubt, the first to arrive. Finding the country inhabited by the little Neolithic folk they dispossessed them, and spread by degrees over the whole of the islands. At a later time the Cymry arose. We are not here concerned with the question whether these originated by a gradual bifurcation in the development of the Celtic race after its settlement within Britain, or came as a later Celtic wave of migration from the continent. It is enough to notice that they are found at the beginning of the historical period to be in possession of England, Wales, and the South of Scotland up to the estuary of the Clyde. It is improbable that the Gaels, who must once have occupied the same attractive region, would have willingly quitted it for the more inhospitable moors of Scotland and the distant bogs and fenlands of Ireland. It is much more likely that they were driven forcibly out of it. Possibly the traditions they carried with them of the greater fertility of England

may have instigated the numerous inroads which from early Roman times downwards they made to recover the lands of their forefathers. Crossing from Ireland they repossessed themselves of the west of Wales, and sweeping down from the Scottish Highlands they repeatedly burst across the Roman wall, carrying pillage and rapine far into the provinces where their Cymric cousins had begun to learn some of the arts and the effeminacy of Roman civilization.

Looking at the territory occupied by the Cymry at the time of their greatest extension, we can see how their course northward was influenced by geological structure. As they advanced along the plains which lay on the west side of the great Pennine chain of the centre and north of England, they encountered the range of fells which connects the mountain group of Cumberland and Westmoreland with the uplands of Yorkshire and Durham. This would probably be for some time a barrier to their progress. But after crossing it by some of the deep valleys by which it is trenched, they would find themselves in the wide plains of the Eden and the Solway. Still pushing their way northward, and driving the Gaels before them, they would naturally follow the valley of the Nith, leaving on the left hand the wild mountainous region of Galloway, or "country of the Gael," to which the conquered tribe retired, and on the right the high moorlands about the head of Clydesdale and Tweeddale. Emerging at last upon the lowlands of Ayrshire and lower Clydesdale they would spread over them until their further march was arrested by the great line of the Highland mountains. Into these fastnesses, stoutly defended by the Pictish Gaels, they seem never to have penetrated. But they built, as their northern outpost, the city and castle of Alclud, where the picturesque rock of Dumbarton, or "fort of the Britons," towers above the Clyde.

At one time, therefore, the Cymry

extended from the mouth of the Clyde to the south of England. One language—Welsh and its dialects—appears to have been spoken throughout that territory. Hence the battles of King Arthur—which, from the evidence of the ancient Welsh poems, appear to have been fought, not in the south-west of England as is usually supposed, but in the middle of Scotland, against the fierce Gwyddyl Ffichti or Picts of the north and the heathen swarming from beyond the sea—were sung all the way down into Wales and Devon, and across the Channel among the vales of Brittany, whence, becoming with every generation more mystical and marvellous, they grew into favourite themes of the romantic poetry of Europe.

The Roman occupation affected chiefly the lowlands of England and Scotland, where the more recent geological formations extend in broad plains or plateaux. Numerous towns were built there, between which splendid roads extended across the country. The British inhabitants of these lowlands were not extirpated, but continued to live on the lands which they had tilled of old, more or less affected by the Roman civilization, with which, for some four centuries or more, they were brought in contact. But the regions occupied by the more ancient rocks, rising into rugged forest-covered mountains, offered an effective barrier to the march of the Roman legions, and afforded a shelter within which the natives could preserve their ancient manners and language with but little change. The Romans occupied the broad central lowland region of Scotland, which is formed by the Old Red Sandstone and Carboniferous strata, extending up to the base of the Highlands. But though they inflicted severe defeats upon the wild barbarians who issued from the dark glens, and though they seem to have been led by Severus round by the Aberdeenshire low grounds to the shores of the Moray Firth, and to have returned through the heart of the

Highlands, they were never able permanently to bring any part of the mountainous area of crystalline rocks under their rule.

The same geological influences which guided the progress of the Roman armies may be traced in the subsequent Teutonic invasions of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Norwegians. Arriving from the east and north-east, these hordes found level lowlands open to their attack. Where no impenetrable thicket, forest, fenland, or mountainous barrier impeded their advance, they rapidly pushed inland, utterly extirpating the British population, and driving its remnants steadily westward. By the end of the sixth century the Britons had disappeared from the eastern half of the island south of the Firth of Forth. Their frontier, everywhere obstinately defended, was very unequal in its capabilities of defence. In the north, where they had been driven across bare moors and bleak uplands, they found these inhospitable tracts for a time a barrier to the further advance of the enemy; but where they stood face to face with their foe in the plains they could not permanently resist his advance. This difference in physical contour and geological structure led to the final disruption of the Cymric tract of country by the two most memorable battles in the early history of England.

Between the Britons of South Wales and those of Devon and Cornwall lay the rich vale of the Severn. Across this plain there once spread, in ancient geological times, a thick sheet of Jurassic strata of which the bold escarpment of the Cotswold Hills forms a remnant. The valley has been in the course of ages hollowed out of these rocks, the depth of which is only partly represented by the height of the Cotswold plateau. The Romans had found their way into this fertile plain, and, attracted by the hot springs which still rise there, had built the venerable city of Bath and other towns. One hundred and seven years after the Romans quitted Britain,

the West Saxons, who had gradually pushed their way westward up the valley of the Thames, found themselves on the edge of the Cotswold plateau, looking down upon the rich and long settled plains of the Severn. Descending from these heights they fought in 577 the decisive battle of Deorham, which had the effect of giving them possession of the Severn valley, and thus of isolating the Britons of Devon and Cornwall from the rest of their kinsmen. Driven thus into the south-west corner of England upon ancient Devonian and granitic rocks, poorer in soil, but rich in wealth of tin and copper, these Britons maintained their individuality for many centuries. Though they have now gradually been fused into the surrounding English-speaking people, it was only about the middle of last century that they ceased to use their ancient Celtic tongue.

Still more important was the advance of the Angles on the north side of Wales. The older Palæozoic rocks of the principality form a mass of high grounds which, flanked with a belt of coal-bearing strata, descend into the plains of Cheshire. Younger formations of soft red Triassic marl and sandstone stretch northward, to the base of the Carboniferous and Silurian hills of north Lancashire. This strip of level and fertile ground, bounded on the eastern side by high desert moors and impenetrable forests, connected the Britons of Wales with those of the Cumbrian uplands, and, for nearly 200 years after the Romans had left Britain, was subject to no foreign invasion, save perhaps occasional piratical descents from the Irish coasts. But at last, in the year 607, the Angles, who had overspread the whole regions from the Firth of Forth to the south of Suffolk, crossed the fastnesses of the Pennine Chain and burst upon the inhabitants of the plains of the Dee. A great battle was fought at Chester in which the Britons were routed. The Angles obtained permanent possession of these

lowlands, and thus the Welsh were effectually cut off from the Britons of Cumbria and Strathclyde. The latter have gradually mingled with their Teutonic neighbours, though the names of many a hill and river bear witness to their former sway. The Welsh, on the other hand, driven into their hilly and mountainous tracts of ancient Palæozoic rocks, have maintained their separate language and customs down to the present day.

Turning now to the conflict between the Celtic and Teutonic races in Scotland, we notice in how marked a manner it was directed by the geological structure of the country. The level Secondary formations which, underlie the plains, and form so notable a feature in the scenery of England, are almost wholly absent from Scotland. The Palæozoic rocks of the latter kingdom have been so crumpled and broken, so invaded by intrusions of igneous matter from below, and over two-thirds of the country rendered so crystalline and massive, that they stand up for the most part as high tablelands, deeply trenched by narrow valleys. Only along the central counties, between the base of the Highlands on the one side and the southern uplands on the other, where younger Palæozoic formations occur, are there any considerable tracts of lowland; and even these are everywhere interrupted by protrusions of igneous rock, forming minor groups of hills, or isolated crags, like those that form so characteristic a feature in the landscapes around Edinburgh. In old times dense forests and impenetrable morasses covered much of the land. A country fashioned and clothed in this manner is much more suitable for defence than for attack. The high mountainous interior of the north, composed of the more ancient crystalline rocks, which had sheltered the Caledonian tribes from the well-ordered advance of the Roman legions, now equally protected them from the sudden swoop of Saxon and Scandinavian sea-pirates. Neither Roman nor Teuton ever made

any lasting conquest of that territory. It has remained in the hands of its Celtic conquerors till the present time.

But the case has been otherwise with the tracts where the younger Palaeozoic deposits spread out from the base of the Highland mountains. These strata have not partaken of the violent corrugations and marked crystallisation to which the older rocks have been subjected. On the contrary, they extend in gentle undulations forming level plains, and strips of lowland between the foot of the more ancient hills and the margin of the sea. It was on these platforms of undisturbed strata that invaders could most successfully establish themselves. So dominant has been this geological influence, that the line of boundary between the crystalline rocks and the Old Red Sandstone, from the north of Caithness to the coast of Kincardineshire, was almost precisely that of the frontier established between the old Celtic natives and the later hordes of Danes and Northmen. To this day, in spite of the inevitable commingling of the races, it still serves to define the respective areas of the Gaelic-speaking and English-speaking populations. On the Old Red Sandstone we hear only English, often with a northern accent, and even with not a few northern words that seem to remind us of the Norse blood which flows in the veins of these hardy fisher-folk and farmers. We meet with groups of villages and towns; the houses, though often poor and dirty, are for the most part solidly built of hewn stone and mortar, with well-made roofs of thatch, slate, or flagstone. The fuel in ordinary use is coal, brought by sea from the south. But no sooner do we penetrate within the area of the crystalline rocks than all appears changed. Gaelic is now the vernacular tongue. There are few or no villages. The houses are built of boulders gathered from the soil and held together with mere clay or earth, and are covered with frail roofs of ferns, straw, or heather,

kept down by stone-weighted ropes of the same materials. Fire-places and chimneys are not always present, and the pungent blue smoke from fires of peat or turf finds its way out by door and window, or beneath the begrimed rafters. The geological contrast of structure and scenery which allowed the Teutonic invaders to drive the older Celtic people from the coast-line, but prevented them from advancing inland, has sufficed during all the subsequent centuries to keep the two races apart.

On the north-western coasts of the island there are none of the fringes of more recent formations which have had so marked an influence on the east side. From the north of Sutherland to the headlands of Argyle the more ancient rocks of the country rise steep and rugged out of the sea, projecting in long bare promontories, for ever washed by the restless surge of the Atlantic. Here and there the coast-line sinks into a sheltered bay, or is interrupted by some long winding inlet that admits the ebb and flow of the ocean tides far into the heart of the mountains. Only in such depressions could a sea-faring people find safe harbours and fix their settlements. When the Norsemen sailed round the north-west of Scotland they found there the counter-part of the country they had left behind—the same type of bare, rocky, island-fringed coast-line sweeping up into bleak mountains, winding into long sea-lochs or fjords beneath the shadow of sombre pine-forests, and westward the familiar sweep of the same wide blue ocean. So striking even now is this resemblance, that the Scot who for the first time sails along the western sea-board of Norway, can hardly realise that he is not skirting the coast-line of Inverness, Ross, or Sutherland. Such a form of coast forbade easy communication by land between valley and valley. Detached settlements arose in the more sheltered bays, where glens, opening inland, afforded ground for tillage

and pasture. But the intercourse between them would be almost wholly by boat, for there could be no continuous line of farms, villages, and roads, like those for which the Old Red Sandstone selvages offered such facilities on the eastern coast. Hence, though the Norsemen possessed themselves of every available bay and inlet, driving the Celts into the more barren interior, the natural contours made it impossible that their hold of the ground should be so firm as that of their kinsmen in the east. When that hold began to relax, the Gaelic natives of the glens came down once more to the sea, and all obvious trace of the Norse occupation eventually disappeared, save in the names given by the sea-rovers to the islands, promontories, and inlets—the “ays,” “nishes,” or “nesses” and “fords” or fjords—which, having been adopted by the Celtic natives, show that there must have been some communication and probable intermarriage between the races. Among the outer islands the effects of the Norwegian occupation were naturally more enduring, though even there the Celtic race has long recovered its ground. Only in the Orkney and Shetland group have the Vikings left upon the physical frame and language of the people the strong impress of their former presence. To this day a Shetlander speaks of going to Scotland, meaning the mainland, much as a Lowland Scot might talk of visiting England, or an Englishman of crossing to Ireland.

But besides governing in no small degree the distribution of races in Britain, the geological structure of the country has probably not been without its influence upon the temperament of the people. Let us take the case of the Celts, originally one great race, with no doubt the same average type of mental and moral disposition, as they unquestionably possessed the same general build of body and cast of features. Probably nowhere within our region have they remained

unmixed with a foreign element, and this, together with the varying political conditions under which they have lived, must have distinctly affected their character. But after every allowance has been made for these several influences, it seems to me that there are residual differences which cannot be explained except by the effects of environment. The Celt of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands was originally the same being; he crossed freely from country to country; his language, manners and customs, arts, religion, were the same on both sides of the channel, yet no two natives of the British Islands are now marked by more characteristic differences. The Irishman seems to have changed less than the Highlander; he has retained the light-hearted gaiety, wit, impulsiveness, and excitability, together with that want of dogged resolution and that indifference to the stern necessities of duty, which we regard as pre-eminently typical of the Celtic temperament. The Highlander, on the other hand, cannot be called either merry or witty; he is rather of a self-restrained, reserved, unexpansive, and even perhaps somewhat sullen, disposition. His music partakes of the melancholy cadence of the winds that sigh through his lonely glens; his religion, too, one of the strongest and noblest features of his character, retains still much of the gloomy tone of a bygone time. Yet he is courteous, dutiful, determinedly persevering, unflinching as a foe, unwearied as a friend, fitted alike to follow with soldier-like obedience, and to lead with courage, skill, and energy—a man who has done much in every climate to sustain and expand the reputation of the British Empire.

Now what has led to so decided a contrast? I cannot help thinking that one fundamental cause is to be traced to the great difference between the geological structure and consequent scenery of Ireland and of the Highlands. By far the greater part

of Ireland is occupied by the Carboniferous limestone, which, in gently undulating sheets, spreads out as a vast plain. Round the margin of this plain the older formations rise as a broken ring of high ground, while here and there from the surface of the plain itself they tower into isolated hills or hilly groups; but there is no extensive area of mountains. The soil is generally sufficiently fertile, the climate soft, and the limestone plains are carpeted with that rich verdant pasture which has suggested the name of the Emerald Isle. In such a region, so long as the people are left free from foreign interference, there can be but little to mar the gay, careless, child-like temperament of the Celtic nature. If the country yields no vast wealth, it yet can furnish, with but little labour, all the necessities of life. The Irishman is naturally attached to his holding. His fathers for generations past have cultivated the same little plots. He sees no reason why he should try to be better than they, and he resents, as an injury never to be forgiven, the attempt to remove him to where he may elsewhere improve his fortunes. The Highlander, on the other hand, has no such broad fertile plains around him. Placed in a glen, separated from his neighbours in the next glens by high ranges of rugged hills, he finds a soil scant and stony, a climate wet, cold, and uncertain. He has to fight with the elements a never-ending battle, wherein he is often the loser. The dark mountains that frown above him gather around their summits the cloudy screen which keeps the sun from ripening his miserable patch of corn, or rots it with perpetual rains after it has been painfully cut. He stands among the mountains face to face with nature in her wilder moods. Storm and tempest, mist-wreath and whirlwind, the roar of waterfalls, the rush of swollen streams, the crash of loosened landslips, though he may seem hardly to notice them, do not pass without bringing, unconsciously perhaps,

to his imagination, their ministry of terror. Hence the playful mirthfulness and light-hearted ease of the Celtic temperament have in his case been curdled into a stubbornness, which may be stolid obstinacy or undaunted perseverance, according to the circumstances which develop it. Like his own granitic hills he has grown hard and enduring, not without a tinge of melancholy, suggestive of the sadness that lingers among his wind-swept glens, and that hangs about the slopes of birk round the quiet waters of his lonely lakes. The difference between Irishman and Scot thus somewhat resembles, though on a minor scale, that between the Celt of lowland France and the Celt of the Swiss Alps, and the cause of the difference is doubtless traceable in great measure to a similar kind of contrast in their respective surroundings.

If now we turn to the influences which have been at work in the distribution of the population of the country and the development of the national industries, we find them in large degree of a geological kind.

In the first place, the feral ground, or territory left in a state of nature and given up to game, lies mostly upon rocks which, protruding almost everywhere to the surface and only scantily and sparsely covered with a poor soil, are naturally incapable of cultivation. The crystalline formations of the Scottish Highlands may be taken as an example of this kind of territory. The grouse-moors and deer-forests of that region exist there, not merely because the proprietors of the land have so willed it, but because over hundreds of square miles the ground itself could be turned to no better use, for it can neither be tilled nor pastured. Much patriotic nonsense has been written about the enormity of retaining so much land as game preserves. But in this, as in so many other matters, man must be content to be the servant of nature. He cannot plant crops where she has appointed that they shall never grow ;

nor can he pasture flocks of sheep where she has decreed that only the fox, the wild cat, and the eagle shall find a home.

In the second place, the true pasture-lands, that is, the tracts which are too high or sterile for cultivation, but which are not too rocky to refuse to yield, when their heathy covering is burnt off, a sweet grassy herbage, excellent for sheep and cattle, lie mainly on elevated areas of non-crystalline Palaeozoic rocks. The long range of pastoral uplands in the south of Scotland, and the fells of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, are good examples. These lonely wilds might be grouped into districts each marked off by certain distinctive types of geological structure, and consequently of scenery. And it might, for aught I know, be possible to show that these distinctions have not been without their influence upon the generations of shepherds who have spent their solitary lives among them; that in character, legends, superstitions, song, the peasants of Lammermuir might be distinguished from those of Liddesdale, and both from those of Cumberland and Yorkshire—the distinction, subtle perhaps and hardly definable, pointing more or less clearly to the differences in their respective surroundings.

In the third place, the sites of towns and villages may often be traced to a guiding geological influence. Going back to feudal times we at once observe to what a large extent the positions of the castles of the nobles were determined by the form of the ground, and notably by the prominence of some crag which, rising well above the rest of the country, commanded a wide view and was capable of defence. Across the Lowlands of Scotland such crags are abundantly scattered. They consist for the most part of hard projections of igneous rock, from which the softer sandstones and shales, that once surrounded and covered them, have been worn away. Many of them are crowned with mediæval fortresses,

some of which stand out among the most famous spots in the history of the country. Dumbarton, Stirling, Blackness, Edinburgh, Tantallon, Dunbar, the Bass, are familiar names in the stormy annals of Scotland. A strong castle naturally gathered around its walls the peasantry of the neighbourhood, for protection against the common foe, and thus by degrees the original collection of wooden booths or stone huts grew into a village or even into a populous town. The Scottish metropolis undoubtedly owes its existence in this way to the bold crag of basalt on which its ancient castle stands.

In more recent times the development of the mining industries of the country has powerfully affected both the growth and decay of towns. Comparing in this respect the maps of to-day with those of 150 or 200 years ago, we cannot but be struck with the remarkable changes that have taken place in the interval. Some places which were then of but minor importance have now advanced to the first rank, while others that were among the chief towns of the realm have either hardly advanced at all or have positively declined. If now we turn to a geological map, we find that in almost all cases the growth has taken place within or near to some important mineral field, while the decadence occurs in tracts where there are no workable minerals. Look, for example, at the prodigious increase of such towns as Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Middlesborough. Each of these owes its advance in population and wealth to its position in the midst of, or close to, fields of coal and iron. Contrast, on the other hand, the sleepy quiet, unprogressive content, and even sometimes unmistakable decay, of not a few county towns in our agricultural districts.

Closely connected with this subject is the remarkable transference of population which for the last generation or two has been in such rapid progress

among us. The large manufacturing towns are increasing at the expense of the rural districts. The general distribution of the population is changing, and the change is obviously underlain by a geological cause. People are drawn to the districts where they can obtain most employment and best pay; and these districts are necessarily those where coal and iron can be obtained, without which no branch of our manufacturing industry could exist.

In the fourth place, the style of architecture in different districts is largely dependent upon the character of their geology. The mere presence or absence of building stone creates at once a fundamental distinction. Hence the contrast between the brick-work of England, where building stone is less common, and the stonework of Scotland, where stone abounds. But even as we move from one part of a stone-using region to another, marked varieties of style may be observed, according to local geological development. The massive yellow limestone blocks of Bath or Portland, the thin blue flags and slates of the Lake district, the thick courses of deep red freestone in Dumfriesshire, the bands of fine, easily-dressed white sandstone at Edinburgh, the flints of Kent and Sussex, have all produced certain differences of style and treatment. To a geological eye passing rapidly through a territory, the character of its buildings is often suggestive of its geology.

In the fifth and last place, the dominant influence of the geology of a country upon its human progress is nowhere more marvellously exhibited than in the growth of British commerce. The internal trade of this country may be spoken of as its life-blood, pulsating unceasingly along a network of railways. This vast organism possesses not one but many hearts, from each of which a vigorous

circulation proceeds. Each of these hearts or nerve-centres is located on or near a mineral region, whence its nourishment comes. The history of the development of our system of railways, our steam machinery, our manufactures, is unintelligible except when taken together with the opening up of our resources in coal and iron.

The growth of the foreign commerce of the country enforces the same lesson. Even, however, before the days of steam navigation, her geological structure gave England a distinct advantage over her neighbours on the Continent. Owing to the denudation that has hollowed out the surface of the country, and the subsidence that has depressed the shoreward tracts beneath the sea, the coast-line of Britain abounds in admirable natural harbours, which on the opposite side of the Channel and North Sea are hardly to be found. There can be no question that in the infancy of navigation this gave a superiority for which hardly anything else could compensate. We boast that it is our insular position and our English blood that have made us sailors. Let us remember that in spite of their less favourable position, our neighbours on the opposite shores of the Continent have become excellent sailors too, and that if we have been enabled to lead the van in international commerce it has been largely due to the abundant, safe, and commodious inlets in our coast-line which have sheltered our marine.

Of the foreign trade of the country it is not needful to speak. Its rapid growth during the present century is distinctly traceable to the introduction of steam navigation, and therefore directly to the development of those mineral resources which form so marked an element in the fortunate geological construction of the British Islands.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

THE MELBOURNE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

It is a remarkable fact that the two institutions of which the colony of Victoria has most reason to be proud—its University and its Public Library—were founded at a period when, and under circumstances sufficient, in the estimation of most people, to render the initiation and accomplishment of such an enterprise improbable in the extreme. Thirty years ago, the settlement of Port Phillip formed part of the colony of New South Wales. It had only been occupied for fifteen or sixteen years, and, at the commencement of 1851, it contained a population of less than 100,000 souls, scattered over a territory about equal in area to that of England and Wales. Its chief port and only large town had received the name of her Majesty's first Prime Minister and political preceptor. The surveyor who laid it out, and who is still living, seems to have had some happy prescience of its future magnitude, and he gave a width of three chains to five great thoroughfares running east and west, and to nine others running north and south. The discovery of gold in 1851 occurred almost simultaneously with the separation of the district from New South Wales, and its erection into a distinctive colony, upon which was conferred the name of our Gracious Sovereign. An immense influx of immigrants took place, and society was completely unbinged by the rapidity of its growth, by the dislocation of all its industries, and by the vast amount of treasure which was exhumed from the bosom of the earth. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to describe it as a period of delirium. The population of Victoria, which had been only 76,000 in 1850, rose to 364,000 in 1855, and to 537,000 in 1860. In four years the

revenue of the colony increased from a quarter of a million to nearly three millions and a quarter; the total imports, which had been of the value of only 744,925*l.* in 1850, amounted to 17,659,051*l.* in 1854; and the value of the gold raised, between 1851 and 1860 inclusive, amounted to the prodigious sum of 95,726,870*l.* Property rose in value enormously; fortunes of fabulous amount were made in trade and commerce; a powerful impulse was communicated to speculation and enterprise of every description; and the one word in everybody's mouth at this feverish period was—gold:—

“Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold,
Gold! gold! gold! gold!”

Such masses of the precious metal used to be found within a few feet of the surface, that a single stroke of the pick-axe would often transform a penniless adventurer into a man of fortune; and the sober narratives of some of these extraordinary finds read like the inventions of a romancer. There was naturally a good deal of reckless dissipation in those days, and sovereigns were as little thought of then as shillings are now. Mechanics could earn five-and-twenty shillings a day, and the fortunate possessor of three or four three-roomed cottages could calculate upon drawing a rental of a thousand per annum from them. Publicans were coining money, and shopkeepers, when they allowed you to purchase their commodities at an advance of 500 per cent upon the prime cost, did it with all the air of conferring a personal favour. Servants there were none to be had; and Bridget, who had once blacked your stove and brushed your boots,

might be seen arrayed in a gorgeous satin dress, and lolling in a hired carriage, as the bride of a lucky digger, who had come down from Ballarat or Castlemaine to find a wife, and to squander some of his hoard of gold in treating all comers to champagne, at a pound a bottle, in the Criterion Hotel. Society was turned completely topsyturvy, and the only wonder is, in looking back upon those days, that it was not utterly disorganised, and that the machinery of government, both political and municipal, did not come to a standstill.

Fortunately for the colony, many of its early settlers were educated gentlemen, and among those who took a prominent part in the administration of its public affairs were the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, Col. Pasley, Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir William Stawell, the present Chief Justice of Victoria and Chancellor of the Melbourne University; and the late Sir Redmond Barry, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. To the energy and foresight of the first and last of these Victoria owes the institution of its University, and to Sir Redmond Barry, more particularly, the foundation of its admirable Public Library.

The latter dates back to the year 1853; to a period, that is to say, of the wildest excitement, when the *auri sacra fames* appeared to be insatiable; when art, literature, and science, were held in the greatest contempt by the eager adventurers who were pouring into Victoria from all parts of the world; and when, in the estimation of men whose thoughts were engrossed by money-making, there must have seemed something perfectly quixotic in the proposition to spend some thousands of pounds in the commencement of a public library, planned on a scale of palatial grandeur, and calculated to cost upwards of a million of money before it was completed. Its founder thought otherwise, and posterity will gratefully acknowledge his wise and beneficent provision, and the unremitting care and affection with

which he watched over the birth and growth of his public-spirited project. Sir—then Mr.—Redmond Barry was a young Irish barrister of good family, who had emigrated to Australia when the settlement of Port Phillip was in its infancy. He seems to have foreseen its future importance, and took up his abode in the rudimentary township of Melbourne, in preference to establishing himself in the more attractive city of Sydney. In course of time he was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the colony of Victoria, and having an ardent affection for literature, music, and the fine arts, he devoted himself to the promotion of their study and practice with characteristic energy and pertinacity. In the first instance, the local legislature voted 10,000*l.* for the erection of a suitable building to serve as a Public Library on a block of land nearly two acres in extent, and surrounded by four streets, in a central position; 3,000*l.* being at the same time appropriated for the purchase of books. Five trustees were appointed, with Mr. Justice Barry as their chairman. The building was opened by the acting governor of Victoria on the 11th of February, 1856. A further sum of 20,000*l.* was voted by the legislature, in addition to a liberal grant for books; and an additional reading-room was opened by Sir Henry Barkly on the 24th of May, 1859. In the leading columns of the *Argus* the institution of a National Gallery of Art was warmly and perseveringly advocated by Mr. James Smith, one of the political writers and the art-critic of that journal; and a sum of money having been appropriated by the legislature for that purpose, a Museum of Art and School of Design were established in connection with the Public Library, and a Technological Museum was subsequently incorporated with it. We need not trace the gradual expansion of these excellent institutions during the last twenty years. Suffice it to say, that at the present time the library con-

tains 111,644 volumes, including pamphlets; that there were 261,886 readers during the year 1880; that the number of visitors to the galleries and museums during the same period was 96,247; that there are about 120 oil-paintings and water-colour drawings in the National Gallery; thirty statues and busts of marble, and 190 casts of busts and statues in the Museum of Art; and that the number of students in the various schools was:—

Design—46 male and 67 female.

Painting—5 male and 33 female.

Engineering—36 male.

Chemistry, Metallurgy, and Mineralogy—43 male.

Thus it will be seen that the Melbourne Public Library fulfils, to some extent, the purposes of a popular university; while the advantages it offers are open to all comers, without any restriction, as regards the library itself, and with only a few necessary formalities, as regards the other departments grouped under the same roof.

Its administration is conducted by a Board of Trustees, twenty-one in number, including the Chief Justice, the Chancellor of the University, eminent politicians, university professors, and men of letters, as well as representatives of banking and commerce; and there are sub-committees to which are entrusted the management of the various sections. Their offices are purely honorary. A secretary, a librarian and staff of assistants, a curator of the technological museum, a teacher of painting, and a teacher of drawing, with the necessary attendants, compose the staff of the institution. The library is open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sundays excepted; but there is a growing feeling in the community that it should be open on that day also, with a change of assistants, as the experience of other cities, both in Australia and in Europe and America, is considered to confirm the desirability of such a step, more especially in a place like Melbourne,

where so many young people are living in lodgings, and stand in need of some place of resort in which they can pass a few hours on a Sunday without detriment to their health or morals. The Museums and National Gallery are open to the public from noon until dusk throughout the year; but they also are closed on Sunday, which is the only day in the week upon which numbers of persons possess the requisite leisure to visit them, and there is a very general desire that this restriction also should be removed.

Internally the library consists of a reading room 240 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 30 feet high, with tables and chairs ranged along its whole length for the convenience of readers. On each side are ten bays, each of which is also furnished with a table and chairs. There is likewise a room set apart for ladies frequenting the institution. A gallery, accessible by two flights of stairs, runs round the whole building, and is filled with books of reference and works not likely to be in popular demand. This also is open to the public. The books are everywhere classified according to their subjects, each bay, as a general rule, containing those which are comprehended in one particular department of literature. On the basement story of the building is a spacious apartment devoted to newspaper readers, containing complete files of the various Australian journals.

As we have said, no restriction whatever is placed upon the frequenters of the library, excepting that they are expected to manipulate the books with clean hands, and to return them to their places when done with. The use of ink is forbidden in taking extracts, as it might lead to the injury of the works copied from, and none are allowed to be taken out of the building. In all other respects the student or the desultory reader is as free as he would be in his own library, if he should happen to have one, and for the time being he is "monarch of all he sur-

veys." He may consult a hundred different works in as many minutes, if he thinks proper, or he may concentrate all his attention on one. There are sectional catalogues to assist him in his researches, and obliging attendants to answer his inquiries. He can be as studious or as discursive as he pleases, and it lies within his power to range over the entire field of literature, both ancient and modern.

This unlimited freedom, it is only right to add, has been very little abused. An exceedingly small number of books have been stolen, and a few have been mutilated by the excision of plates or of leaves. The place is frequented by a moderate percentage of greasy loafers and disreputable *fainéants*; but the evils incidental to such a promiscuous gathering, in a city like Melbourne, are insignificant by comparison with the advantages which the institution confers upon those who are qualified to benefit by it, and who resort to it for instruction or recreation. In the evenings, more especially during the winter season, the place may be described as crowded. The most perfect silence and good order are maintained. No sound is heard but the rustling of leaves or the muffled foot-fall of a reader going to replace a volume on the shelf, or taking his departure for the night. The frequenters include persons of all ages, from the stripling of fifteen to the white-haired veteran, who complains that the type is so much smaller and so much less distinct than it was when he was a young man. The classes of society most numerously represented are the operative and the lower-middle class, with a fair sprinkling of the *déclassés*. As to the books most in demand, works of fiction, biography, history, and voyages and travels seem to command the preference, but those of a higher character obtain a reasonable share of attention. Sporting literature appears to be intensely popular, and some books of this kind

—histories of the turf, for example—are saturated and malodorous with the porous exudations of moist-fingered readers. These have also suffered by the predatory fingers of petty larcenists, who have torn out plates of famous race-horses; but, on the whole, as was remarked just now, these mischievous depredations have been few in number, and the great majority of those who habitually resort to the Melbourne Public Library feel that they possess a proprietary interest in the institution, and that they are under an obligation to protect its contents from spoliation or injury accordingly.

There are few countries, in fact, where so much is done by the State for the wage-earning classes of the community, as in Victoria. The State undertakes the gratuitous education of their children; it reserves large areas of valuable land in and around every centre of population, for recreative purposes; its land legislation is framed so as to offer every facility to small settlers; and its fiscal system has been adopted with a special view to secure to local industry a monopoly of the local market; although that system, being in direct opposition to every sound principle of political economy, has failed to do so, and has really promoted the prosperity of the neighbouring colony of New South Wales, which has wisely adhered to free trade. Furthermore the State, in Victoria, subsidises hospitals in which people can obtain the best medical treatment, medicine, and maintenance without cost; and it has discontinued applying any portion of the revenue accruing from the sale of the public domain, to the assistance of immigration, because the operative classes—who, being numerically stronger than all the rest put together, control the elections—imagine that every new comer is a competitor to be feared, instead of a co-operator to be welcomed. Lastly, the State spends about 16,000*l.* per annum on the Melbourne Public Library, Fine Arts Galleries, and

Technological Museums ; while it also subsidises every free Public Library, Mechanics' Institute, or Athenæum, throughout the colony ; and there is scarcely a township of any importance that cannot boast of an institution of this kind, supplied with a good collection of books, newspapers, periodicals, maps, &c.

And this suggests the mention of an excellent feature of the library under notice : we allude to its lending department. Any free library or cognate institution in the country districts, as well as in the suburbs of Melbourne, can obtain, for a period of three months, the loan of from 200 to 400 volumes—duplicates of those in the Public Library ; and, on the return of these, a fresh collection is sent out to replace it. The cases are so constructed as to serve the purpose of temporary book-shelves in the place to which they are consigned ; and as this regulation is eagerly taken advantage of, a stream of good literature is constantly circulating through the colony ; and the cost to the institutions thus benefited is only that of the carriage of the books themselves. At the present time, there are upwards of 6,000 volumes in circulation in this way.

Of the contents of the Public Library, it would be impossible to speak at any length without exceeding the due limits of a paper of this kind. It contains few rare editions, and still fewer literary curiosities. Utility has been the object principally aimed at ; and what have been chiefly studied are the requirements of a practical and energetic community, containing an abundance of readers and very few bibliomaniacs. History, biography, the applied sciences, poetry and the drama, voyages and travels, theology and serial literature, make up no small part of the collection, which has been enriched by many donations from European sovereigns, and from the various learned societies of Europe and America. Her Majesty the Queen, the late Emperor of the French, the

Emperor of Germany, the King of the Belgians, the King of Italy, and the King of the Netherlands ; the Governments of the United States, of the Argentine Republic, of the Hawaiian Islands, of Spain, and of the Swiss Confederation, figure in the list of donors. So do the Governors of most of the British dependencies ; the Parliament of Great Britain, and many of the chief public men and institutions in the mother country ; and literary and scientific associations in all parts of the world. A summary of the donations thus received, gives the following totals :—

	Volumes.	Pamphlets.
British Government and Societies	9255	2083
British, India, and Colonial	—	—
Governments and Societies	4920	1664
Foreign Governments and Societies	4141	2847
Private Donations	4226	6460
Bequest by Will	424	429
Total	22,996	13,483

The bequest was made by the late Count Castelnau, the naturalist, who was consul-general for France in Victoria, and died there.

The alphabetical catalogue of the Melbourne Public Library fills two substantial quarto volumes of upwards of 1,000 pages each, and is to be followed, in due time, by a classified catalogue ; for which an admirable model is presented by that of the Parliament Library of Victoria, compiled in 1865. This also, it may be remarked, in passing, contains a very fine collection of works in every department of literature, about 50,000 in number ; as it had the good fortune to be, for five years, under the management of an enthusiastic man of letters, with a wide knowledge of general literature, who was enabled, by the liberality of the local legislature, to enrich many departments of it with books drawn from all parts of Europe.

With respect to the Public Library of Victoria, what is wanted to secure its efficiency, and to perfect its admin-

istration, is such an endowment as would render it independent of the Victorian Parliament, as regards the salaries of its officers. A gift or bequest of 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* for this purpose, from an absentee colonist, would confer upon the institution a very great boon. Its trustees are a corporate body, but they have no estate; and the Government for the time being claims to exercise the official patronage. Now this is liable to serious abuses; because it is apt to be administered upon political grounds exclusively, and without regard to the fitness of the persons appointed to the vacant posts. A glaring instance of this kind occurred about three years ago, when a comparatively illiterate person was appointed to the important and responsible post of Parliamentary librarian. The appointment was condemned as scandalous by the press of the colony, and when a change of Ministry occurred, the obnoxious appointee was dismissed, to be subsequently re-

instated in defiance of public opinion. A precisely similar incident might occur in connection with the Melbourne Public Library; and, if it were to happen, it would be both a calamity and a disgrace. But if the salaries of the various officials connected with it were derived from the interest of an invested endowment fund, the trustees could then claim the exercise of the necessary patronage, and would be guided, in so doing, by considerations of the interest, welfare, dignity, and utility of the institution entrusted to their control; an institution of the highest value and importance to the mental culture of the great mass of the people of Victoria, and a lasting monument to the public spirit, the foresight, and the enlightened patriotism of the late Sir Redmond Barry.

H. MORTIMER FRANKLYN.

Melbourne, November, 1881.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD.

I.

AN order of King Henry VIIIth's Council, bearing date December 2, 1533, nearly three months after the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, runs as follows:—

"The King's Highness hath appointed that the Lady Princess Elizabeth shall be conveyed from hence towards Hatfield upon Wednesday the next week, and that on Wednesday night to repose and lie at the house of the Earl of Rutland in Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such Family in household as the King's Highness has assigned and established for the same."

The early history of Hatfield, with which Elizabeth thus, in the beginning of her life, became connected, must not detain us here, though it is one of those old English manors whose story is quaint and curious. The manor, originally a royal possession, had belonged to the See of Ely from the days of St. Dunstan till the time of Henry VIII., when it again became crown property, and a bishop's palace had all along existed there; but the palace to which Elizabeth was brought was then only half a century old, having been built by Morton, Henry VIIth's great chancellor and archbishop, during his tenancy of the Bishopric of Ely from 1478 to 1486. Morton was a great builder. The palaces at Canterbury, at Knowle, the Manor House at Lambeth, the episcopal residences at Maidstone, Addington Park, Ford, and Charing, were all either added to or rebuilt, by him; and it is probable that he was his own architect.

The conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, and the consequent settlement of the country, caused a considerable modification in the palaces and mansions built in the latter part of the

fifteenth century. The necessity for a defensive structure was less felt, and though the characteristic style of the castle and fortified house was not entirely abandoned, yet buttress, tower, keep, and embattlements, instead of being enforced by necessity, had become a mere embellishment; and the demands of a generous hospitality, and of extended ideas of comfort, were answered by the introduction of important new features. The quadrangular area came in; halls and state apartments—a withdrawing-room for the guests, a presence chamber, parlours both for winter and summer, and an apartment for ladies—enormous in size by comparison with the past, were now become indispensable. For the accommodation of a large household, a great number of private rooms had to be provided, which, though wofully small and inconvenient when measured by modern ideas, contrasted very favourably with those of a previous age.

Hatfield Palace well exhibited these characteristics. It was a quadrangle of 218 feet square, external measurement. Standing on the crest of the hill overlooking the church and town, it had its principal entrance on the east or opposite side, where ran the approach to it from London. Passing through the east gates, a broad walk divided the inner court, leading up to the still existing West Tower. When the present Hatfield House was built in 1611 by Sir Robert Cecil, three sides of the quadrangle were pulled down, and the west side only now stands. It consists of a double tower flanked by two wings, which formed the banquetting hall of the palace. At the centre of the hall are two doors, the one to the west having been the entrance to the palace from

the town, and the other, to the east, gave access to the inner courtyard. At the south end of the hall was the withdrawing-room, and next to it was the chapel, which has now disappeared. At the north end were several living rooms, and beyond an archway, through which ran a road leading round to the east or principal front of the palace. The ground plan of the whole is still preserved among the Hatfield MSS., and is engraved by Robinson in his *Vitruvius Britannicus*. It shows that there was another large apartment, on the west side, facing the garden; the remainder of the rooms, fourteen in number, being of more moderate dimensions.

Defences were abandoned in the palace, but the spirit of the feudal castle remained in its buttresses, towers, and battlements. The exterior West Tower now remaining, with its circular loop-holed staircase, small chambers, with high windows and wide hearths, is a miniature copy of the Norman keep. The building is of brick. The use of brick, which had been employed by the Romans in this country, had been lost till the reign of Richard II., when it was reintroduced, principally for monasteries. By Henry VIth's time it was gradually displacing timber for dwelling-houses, and stone for castles, churches, religious houses, and palaces; the change of material being largely brought about, in the latter cases, by the change in design which has been traced above.

The first use of brick appears to have been for the gateways and chimneys (luxuries then confined to monasteries and palaces) of stone or flint houses; afterwards, when the body of the building was of brick, stone dressings for the doors and windows were commonly used. In Hatfield Palace the use of these stonedressings was entirely abandoned, and their place supplied by brick. The stucco which had even then come into use for disfiguring brickwork was eschewed by the bishop. As was

usual at the time, the external walls were ornamented here and there with glazed or vitrified bricks, disposed in squares and lozenges.

The banqueting hall, though now used as a stable, is a room whose fine proportions, stained glass windows, and high-pitched, open chestnut roof, springing from fanciful corbels, recall its original purpose. The high-pitched timber-frame roof, "jointed with admirable contrivance," was a feature of the halls of this date. "The boldness of projection, and the beauty of unpainted oak or chestnut, upon a grand scale, never attained to greater excellence than at this time," says Dalway; and the Hatfield roof is an admirable specimen. The present internal fittings of the hall are of course all modern. The dais at the upper end, with its high table, and the benches and forms for the household and dependants have disappeared. The windows, partly of stained glass, remind us that glass windows were at the time still the luxury of the great.

Some yards west of the north-west corner of the palace stands the gatehouse, which gave admission from the town to the west entrance. This building, including the cottages adjoining, is the only other relic of Bishop Morton's time. The windows, and the ornamentations in vitrified brick here seen, are strictly in keeping with the palace. In the gatehouse, and over the gateway itself, is a room which contained till recently on its smoke-stained walls a curious fresco representing a battle, now, however, all but obliterated. Such painting in fresco on walls was in use from the time of Henry III. to Elizabeth. In Henry VIII.'s reign tapestry, becoming somewhat cheaper, began to be more generally used for the better apartments. It is not improbable, therefore, that this fragment of fresco is but a sample of the decorations of all the ordinary chambers of the old palace.

Baker and Godwin, the chroniclers, both mention the great cost which

the bishop bestowed upon the palace, and Camden, in his *Britannia*, speaks of the beautiful manner in which it was fitted up. It must have been a noted building in its day, both as one of the residences of the powerful churchman, and on its own architectural merits. The monasteries were at this time at the very height of their magnificence, and we may well conclude that the bishop's palaces were no whit behind other ecclesiastical buildings in luxury, display, and splendid hospitality. The bishops' households at Hatfield from Edgar to Henry VIIIth no doubt consisted of monks of the Benedictine order, to which Ely belonged. It must have been with great regret that the villagers saw the last of the jolly brethren pass down the hill when the palace was taken over by Henry VIII. The open-handed charities of the orders had so endeared them to the common people, and so blinded them to their real evils that it was, says a contemporary author, "a pitiful thing to hear the lamentations that the country people made for them." West, too, the last of the Ely bishops who held Hatfield, was noted to have lived "in the greatest splendour of any prelate of his time," and to have relieved 200 poor people daily at his gate with meat and drink.

At the end of 1533, as we have seen, Elizabeth was sent down to Hatfield, which the king had evidently then decided on acquiring, though the transfer was not made till some months afterwards. In 1534 West died, and Bishop Goodrich was appointed by Henry to the vacant see. Following a time-honoured custom, Henry "robbed Peter to pay Paul," and in exchange for Hatfield, conveyed to the Bishop other church lands which had before undergone the same process of "conveyance," in Pistol's sense, at his own hands. A document in the Exchequer Queen's Remembrancer Accounts gives the valuation of the manor at the time of transfer. In it the "fine and ornate mansion, with the many edifices

thereto annexed, on the east side of the church," was valued at 2,000*l*.

It is said that the king himself occasionally resided at Hatfield; he assembled the Privy Council there for six days in August, 1541; but his favourite residences were Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor, Eltham, and Woodstock. It was as a nursery for his children that he acquired the palace and manor, as he had done Enfield and Hunsdon. The name was altered for a short time to Hatfield Regis, but retook its old form of Bishop's Hatfield.

Lady Margaret Bryan, the wife of Sir Thomas Bryan, Kt., and afterwards Baroness Bryan, who had been appointed "Lady Mistress" of the Princess Mary shortly after her birth, was now placed in charge of the infant Elizabeth at Hatfield, possibly without entirely relinquishing her connection with Mary, as Mary and Elizabeth were frequently under the same roof until Henry's death. There is a letter extant from Lady Bryan to Lord Cromwell from Hunsdon, written on behalf of Elizabeth, complaining of the child being put from "that degree she was afore," and of the scantiness of her wardrobe, "for she hath neither gown nor kettel, nor petecot, nor no manner of linnin;" also that Master Shelton—an officer of the household—will have Elizabeth to dine at the "board of estate," which she herself thinks is not mete for a child of her age, and prejudicial to her health, on account of the divers meats, fruits, and wines, and to her behaviour, as there is "no place for correction there." "A mess of meat in her own lodging" is what Lady Bryan proposes. She then speaks of the great pain the child endures in cutting her great teeth, which makes the Lady Mistress "to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, an her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion, than she is yet," adds the guardian quaintly, "for she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew one in my life."

Hunsdon, near Hoddesdon, Herts, was Mary's usual and favourite residence, Hatfield being Elizabeth's, and Prince Edward dividing his time between Hatfield, Hertford Castle, and Ampthill, Beds. It appears from Mary's "Privy Purse Expenses," that she paid a visit to Hatfield in January 1537, and again in March of the same year. Numerous entries of gifts of jewelry and dresses from one sister to the other appear in this account, which extends from 1536 to 1544, and shows that they were frequently together, at times, indeed, having but one household. Their intercourse, then, as far as can be judged, was most affectionate. The ban under which they were both laid by Henry no doubt helped to draw them together in sympathy. In 1537, when five years old, Elizabeth is recorded to have given Mary a pair of "hosen gold and silk," and in 1540 she presents her brother Edward with "a shyrt of cameryke of her own woorkynge." She was then but eight years old. A glimpse is afforded us of the establishment at Hatfield Palace at this time by the accounts of reparations to the King's Palaces in March, April, and May, 1542. The account relating to Hatfield is for "reparations done against my lord prince's grace coming thither," Edward being then in his fifth year. The carpenters were at work at 7*d.* and 8*d.* a day, in making a new bolting-house, and troughs for flour and meal, framing planks for dressers in the "pastry" and larder, and mending the tables and trestles in the hall, and the "jowpets" in the great chamber. The bricklayers, at 6*d.* a day, made a furnace for the boiling-house, underpinned the new bolting-house, and laid a tiled roof upon it. The plasterers mended the walls of the stables and garner. The glaziers were busy, some few new panes of glass being supplied, but in the majority of cases the old ones were mended. The rooms mentioned are Mr. Controller's lodgings, the Lady Mistress's lodgings (Lady

Bryan, who had been so appointed at Edward's birth), the chapel, the vestry, the High Chamberlain's, and Mr. Fey the Chamberlain's lodgings, the lodgings of the Steward, the Clerk of the Spicery, and of Lady Lincoln. Finally the orchard was mown, the alleys "pared," and the trees pruned. The account is signed by John Cornwallis, steward, and Richard Cotton, comptroller. Sir John Cornwallis, the Steward of Edward's Household, was the ancestor of the Earls and Marquises Cornwallis. Richard Cotton, Comptroller of his Household, was knighted by Edward on his accession. The High Chamberlain was Sir William Sydney, the ancestor of the Earls of Leicester, made in 1544 Steward of Edward's Household. It is probable that the three royal children spent the whole of the summer and autumn of this year, 1542, together at Hatfield, for we find from Mary's "Privy Purse Expenses" that on going to her father in London in December of this year she made presents to Edward's under-officers; Elizabeth's presence also being shown by various entries of gifts to her from Mary. The officers were those of the Pantry, the Buttery, the Cellar, the Ewry, the Kitchen, the Larder, the Squyllary (Scullyery), the Chaundry (Chandlery), the Pastry, the Scalding House, the Boiling House, and the Poultry, the marshal and ushers of the hall, the porters at the gate, and the guard of the beds. Presents were also given to the children of the kitchen, the pastry, and the squyllary, and the drawer of the buttry.

During all this time of residence at Hatfield, varied by visits to Hunsdon or Ashridge, Elizabeth was making great progress in her education. Her first governess, or "tutress," was Lady Champernoun, the wife of Sir Philip Champernoun. Ascham mentions the "counsels of this accomplished lady," as having contributed to Elizabeth's advancement in learning, and Bohun describes her "as a person of great worth, who formed this great wit (Elizabeth) from her

infancy, and improved her native modesty with wise counsels, and a liberal and sage advice." She very soon, however, had the advantage of sharing with Edward the instructions of Dr. Richard Coxe, Bishop of Ely, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. Letters from Coxe upon church matters, dated at Hatfield, in October, 1546, show that the two royal pupils were together there at that time. Hayward says, with regard to their habits of study, that they "desired to look upon books as soon as the day began. Their first hours were spent in prayers and religious exercises. The rest of the forenoon they were instructed either in language, or some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning; and when Edward was called out to any youthful exercise becoming a child of his age, she in her privy chamber betook herself to her lute or viol, and wearied, with that, to practise her needle." Her progress is attested by her translation in her thirteenth year of Queen Catherine's "Prayers or Meditations" into Latin, French, and Italian, which she inscribed to her father in a dedication dated Hatfield, December 30, 1545.

As to her religious education, the zealous reformer Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had in 1533 or 1534 succeeded Betts as chaplain to Anne Boleyn, with whom he soon rose to great favour, and who, not long before her death, gave him particular charge as to Elizabeth, "that she might not want his pious and wise counsel." Elizabeth was thus early brought into the sphere of the principles of the Reformation. As early as 1535, when Elizabeth was two years old, it is recorded that Parker preached before her at Hunsdon, as in 1540 he did at Hatfield. Outwardly, however, she remained like the other royal children, of the religion of her father, Catholicism, without the Papal supremacy. A list of Elizabeth's Hatfield household, which appears from internal evidence to have been drawn up some time before Henry's death,

is preserved. The ladies attending on her were Lady Troy, (Lady Herbert of Troy, a relative of the Pembroke family, who continued with her till after Henry's death), Mistress Chambrini, (Mrs. Catherine Chambron), the Lady Gard, Elizabeth Candyselye, or Canish (Cavendish), and Mary Norne; the gentlemen were Thomas Torrell, Robert Power, and Richard Sands. Her chaplain was "Sir" Rauffe, who had succeeded Mr. Bingham in that office. There were also two chamberers, two grooms of the chamber, a laundress, a woodbearer, and grooms. Her establishment and Mary's jointly bore, at one period, the expense of a set of minstrels.

Lady Bryan was succeeded in the office of head of Elizabeth's household by Mrs. Catherine Ashley. She was appointed to this place by Henry, and the relationship thus formed was afterwards knit by the ties of strongest affection, as abundantly appears in the subsequent narrative. Mrs. Ashley was wife to John Ashley, a kinsman of Elizabeth's, and a man of education, commended by Ascham for his knowledge of Italian, and the author of a treatise on "Horsemanship."

Henry's death and Edward's accession now occurred. Holinshed records that at Henry's death, shortly after the proclamation, the Earl of Hertford, with other of the lords, resorted to Hatfield, where the young king then lay, whence they conducted him with a great and right honourable company to the Tower. Edward's journal, however, names Enfield as the scene of this event. The death of her father brought about several changes to Elizabeth. Mary withdrew herself from the party of the Reformation, which then took the head of affairs, and the intimacy between the sisters was broken. Elizabeth left Hatfield, was placed in the charge of the accomplished Queen Dowager, Catherine Parr, and went to Chelsea, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley. Dr. Coxe, about the same time, ceased his tutorship of Edward, and was succeeded by

Sir John Cheke,¹ (whose sister Cecil had married) "a man of great learning, rare eloquence, sound judgment, and grave modesty," Elizabeth had his assistance for a short time in the prosecution of her studies. Sir John Fortescue, afterwards her chancellor, also read Greek with her about this time. She had a resident tutor in the person of William Grindal, who had been bred up under Ascham, and was appointed by Cheke to that office. His relationship to the celebrated Bishop Grindal is not known. He was a young man of great hopes, and highly esteemed by his friend Ascham. He died in Elizabeth's service, of the plague, in January 1548.

Elizabeth was now, whilst zealously prosecuting her studies, about to take a hard lesson in life. Next to the imminent risk she ran at the time of the Wyatt rebellion, the most dangerous pass of Elizabeth's life, as Princess, occurred immediately after Edward's accession, in connection with Lord Seymour of Sudeley; and as this episode of her career had its climax and conclusion at Hatfield, and as the principal records concerning it are among the Hatfield MSS., a few notes concerning it may be given.

Lord Seymour of Sudeley, brother of the Protector Somerset, and uncle to the king, was a handsome, dashing, gallant, and accomplished man, in the eyes of those with whom it was his object to stand well, and who could help to serve his ambition; but at heart covetous, tyrannical, revengeful, and cruel. His designs, which were many, were rash and daring in the extreme; but his talent for intrigue was only skin-deep, and his want of consistent plan, and of caution, rendered his suppression an easy matter to Somerset.

His first step had been, on the death of Henry VIII., to pay court to, and to marry, Henry's widow, Catherine Parr, an alliance from which he ex-

pected to gain both wealth and influence. Catherine, who had no unworthy motive, was, like him, bitterly deceived in the match, and an affecting picture is given by Lady Tyrwhitt, her attendant, wife of Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, and afterwards Elizabeth's governess, of a scene between Catherine and Seymour two days before Catherine's death. Having the Lord Admiral by the hand, Catherine said, "My Lady Tyrwhitt, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me." Seymour answered, "Why, sweetheart, I would [do] you no hurt;" to which she replied, very sharply and earnestly, "No, my lord, I think so, but you have given me many shrewd taunts." Seymour then tried to calm her, but Lady Tyrwhitt perceived Catherine's trouble to be so great that "her heart would serve her to hear no more." It is chronicled that the queen dowager died "not without suspicion of poison," but there was nothing but common rumour in support of the accusation.

A constant inmate in the household of Catherine and Seymour, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour Place, was, as we have noted, the Princess. It would appear that Seymour had cast his eyes upon Elizabeth before his marriage with the queen, and had paid her some court, though she was then but in her fourteenth year. Disappointed at the results of his marriage with Catherine, he now, with an eye to the future, endeavoured to obtain a hold upon Elizabeth. In Mrs. Ashley he found a ready tool for his purposes. Whether she was won over by gold, or promises, or a weak yielding to what she conceived to be her ward's hidden wishes, we do not know. Even during Catherine's lifetime Ashley had, she subsequently confessed, "had commune" with Seymour in St. James's Park as to Elizabeth, expressed to him her regret that he had not married Elizabeth in Henry's time, and mentioned to him

¹ Apostrophised by Milton in his sonnet on *Tetrachordon*, and the translator of St. Matthew's Gospel.

rumours that he should yet marry her ; to which he said, "Nay, I love not to lose my life for a wife." At this interview Catherine's speedy death appears to have been treated as a certainty.

This was a private meeting of confederates, and of what passed at it Mrs. Ashley no doubt confessed just what she chose, and no more. The public conduct of Seymour towards Elizabeth, however, during the time she was resident under his roof, was marked and extraordinary. Mrs. Ashley's confessions relate a series of familiarities of manner practised by him towards the Princess from the very time of his marriage. To what extent these familiarities were attributable to the free manners of the time and how far to Seymour's insolent assurance of possessing the Princess's affections, it is difficult to say. They have been described by one historian as "a sort of semi-barbarous feudal flirtation." A perusal of the documents certainly shows that they were displeasing to Elizabeth, who withdrew herself as far as possible from the chance of them ; but Seymour as certainly made an impression upon the young girl. It is curious, indeed, that the queen sanctioned these familiarities on several occasions by her presence without remonstrating. Once at Hanworth, Seymour wrestled with Elizabeth, and cut her gown of black cloth into a hundred pieces ; and when Ashley chid her, she replied that the queen had held her while the Lord Admiral did it. Mrs. Ashley, though favouring the Lord Admiral, appears, according to her own account, to have opened her eyes to the unseemliness of his conduct, to have complained to his servant, John Harrington, and to have remonstrated with him personally. Still the judicious woman was at this very period reminding Elizabeth that if Seymour might have had his own will, he would have had her and not the queen !

In the end, however, Catherine's

jealousy became excited, and Elizabeth left her house abruptly. Mrs. Ashley's version of the incident was that the Lord Admiral loved Elizabeth too well, that the queen, suspecting his frequent visits, had come suddenly upon them, and found him with Elizabeth in his arms ; and that this was the cause of Elizabeth's sudden departure.

Immediately after the queen's death, which took place in September, 1548, Seymour had so far decided on prosecuting his scheme of marrying Elizabeth, as according to common report, to retain in his service the maids who had formerly waited upon his wife, in the hope of speedily giving them Elizabeth as a new mistress. Mrs. Ashley, not to be behindhand, took the opportunity of urging Elizabeth to write to the admiral to comfort him in his sorrow ; but the princess refused, "for it needs not," she said, and "for that I should be thought to woo him."

Seymour sounded some of his friends as to what would be thought if he married "one of the king's sisters," but received poor encouragement. He had other irons in the fire. He had obtained a control over Lady Jane Grey, with the view of marrying her to the king, whom he urged to throw off Somerset's protection. To what lengths his daring would have gone it is impossible to say, but he probably hoped to destroy Somerset, and then, as guardian of Edward and husband of Elizabeth, to hold supreme power in the country.

Elizabeth, on leaving the house of Queen Catherine, removed to Hatfield, still under the guardianship of Mrs. Ashley. To what extent her affections had been gained by Seymour it is difficult to say. The most searching examinations both of herself and her intimate companions could produce no evidence of a consent on her part to his addresses.

Seymour had won to his interests, in addition to Mrs. Ashley, Mary Cheke and John Seymour, two of Elizabeth's attendants, and Thomas

Parry, her cofferer or treasurer, who had frequent private conference with the admiral at Seymour Place. Thomas Parry, afterwards Sir Thomas, was of Welsh extraction, and, according to Lodge, was distantly related to Cecil, by whom he may have been introduced into Elizabeth's service. His wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Reed, of Borestall, Bucks, succeeded Lady Troy as attendant on the Princess soon after Henry's death. John Ashley was privy to the whole matter, but warned his wife to take heed, as Elizabeth seemed to bear some affection for Seymour, to be well pleased with him, "and sometime she would blush when he was spoken of;" but Mrs. Ashley never made any secret of her desire for the match, though on the condition, she asseverated, of the council's consent. Parry appears to have ably seconded her efforts. He, as well as Mrs. Ashley, pressed Elizabeth on the point as to whether she would accept Seymour if the council agreed. Elizabeth's answers, however, were far beyond her years, and—whatever her feelings might have been, and no doubt there was, as Parry said, "good will between them"—gave evidence of a caution and fear of committing herself thoroughly characteristic. "Would she marry him, if the council consented?" "When that came to pass she would do as God should put in her mind. Who bade him ask?" "No one, but he gathered the admiral was given that way." "Then it was but his foolish gatherings." "Seymour would now come to woo her." "Though he might want her, the council would not consent to it."

In addition to these overtures through his agents, Seymour took more public steps. Learning that Elizabeth intended to go to London to see the king, and that she had been disappointed of Durham Place, which she wanted, he wrote, through Parry (who had brought him a letter from Elizabeth in favour of her chaplain, Allen), placing his

house and household stuff in London at her disposal; and also sent her word that he would come and see her at Hatfield. These offers, however, rather scared Mrs. Ashley, who was prudent at times, and held the council and their powers of dismissal and incarceration in great awe; and upon her advice (as she claimed) Elizabeth refused both offers, though, according to Parry, she had received the news of the visit "very joyfully and gladly."

Seymour's proceedings, which were probably not much of a secret to Somerset and the council, at the end of the year, 1548, grew ripe enough for their public attention. Seymour was sent to the Tower on January 17th, 1549, and about the same time "the Lord Great Master (Sir William St. John) and Master Denny," two Privy Councillors, were sent on a visit of inquiry to Hatfield. Sir Anthony Denny was no stranger to Elizabeth. He was one of her father's executors. She had stayed with him at Cheston before Queen Catherine's death, and he had married the daughter of Lady Champernoun, Elizabeth's first governess. The consternation caused by their appearance there is noted in subsequent letters. Upon the news that they were at the gate, Parry went hastily to his chamber, and said to his wife, "I would I had never been born; I am undone." The same night the unwelcome commissioners supped with Mrs. Ashley, Parry and his wife, and Lady Fortescue, Parry's niece, and a grim enough meal no doubt they had. After the meal and the withdrawal of the guests, Mrs. Parry looked upon her husband and wept, saying to Mistress Ashley, "Alas! I am afraid lest they will send my husband to the Tower;" but Mrs. Ashley assured her there was no cause. Afterwards Parry sent Mrs. Ashley word that he would be torn in pieces rather than open "that matter." What the matter was, must remain a mystery. She, on her side, forbade him to mention

her communications with him on the subject of the Lord Admiral, for fear, she said, of her husband, who would have been displeased, "as he feared the admiral's plans would come to naught."

No document remains recording the proceedings of the two Commissioners, but we find that they were soon after replaced by Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, whose letters indicate that the Commissioners had subjected Elizabeth to a preliminary examination. Sir Robert Tyrwhitt of Leighton, Huntingdonshire, was a relative by marriage of Queen Catherine, whose Master of the Horse he was, after having been Esquire of the Body to Henry VIII. His wife's connection with Queen Catherine has been mentioned above. The only subsequent notices of him are in connection with his office as one of the lords lieutenant of Huntingdonshire, to which he was appointed in 1551. He died in 1556.

Tyrwhitt's eight letters sent to the Protector from Hatfield at the end of January and beginning of February, 1549, are very interesting, not only with regard to the immediate business in hand, but to the glimpses they afford of Elizabeth's character, and the methods of inquiry sanctioned by the Protector and council.

The first letter, dated on January 22nd, shows that Tyrwhitt had recourse at the commencement to artifice and deceit to make Elizabeth confess. He "devised" a letter to Mistress Blanche Parry, from a friend of hers, stating that Mrs. Ashley—who at the beginning of the inquiry had been discharged from her post—and Parry, had both been committed to the Tower. The devised letter probably contained something more than this bare fact, for Mrs. Ashley and Parry had actually been so committed on January 20th. This letter he showed to Elizabeth, who, not doubting its genuineness, but concerned for the fate of her servants, and possibly not without misgivings for herself, was abashed, wept, and endeavoured to

learn from Lady Brown, another lady then in attendance, whether they had confessed anything. The false letter had the effect of making Elizabeth more communicative than she had been to the two Commissioners, and she proceeded to give her version of the admiral's proposal to visit her, and her refusal. Tyrwhitt thereupon began to deal more roundly with her, "required her to consider her honour and the peril that might ensue," reminded her that she was but a subject, declared what a wicked woman Mrs. Ashley was, "with a long circumstance," as he expressed it in his letters, artfully saying that if Elizabeth would confess of herself, all the evil and shame should be ascribed to Mrs. Ashley and Parry, and her own youth considered. But whatever secrets there were, if any, between Elizabeth and her governess and cofferer, she was staunch to them. At the end of his letter detailing his tricks and subterfuges to obtain evidence, Tyrwhitt was obliged to confess his belief that she "would abide more storms" before she would be brought to accuse Mrs. Ashley. In a subsequent letter he expresses his belief that there has been some secret promise between the three "never to confess till death." In spite of Tyrwhitt's cleverness, worthy of a French *juge d'instruction*, Elizabeth would in no way "confess any practice," and yet, he adds, "I do see it in her face that she is guilty."

The next day, January 23, Tyrwhitt attacks his antagonist in a new manner. He has "gently persuaded" with her grace, and "begins to grow with her in credit." He obtains an admission that Parry had mentioned to her the subject of the marriage. "This is a good beginning," he writes, "I trust more will follow." Elizabeth, he finds, "has a good wit, and nothing is gotten off her but by great policy."

Two days after, January 25, Tyrwhitt reports progress. Another stratagem was now in practice. A

letter from the Protector to him, written for the purpose, was shown to Elizabeth, "with a great protestation that I would not for a thousand pounds be known of it." Whatever the letter contained, Elizabeth still remained obdurate, and Tyrwhitt has to confess, "I cannot frame her to all points as I would wish it to be." In despair of extracting more and with evident respect for Elizabeth's ability, he casts about for help, and writes that he wishes Lady Brown (who apparently had left) to return to Hatfield as "nobody could do more good to cause her to confess" than she, "nor anybody with better will." Who this useful Lady Brown was is difficult to decide. There was a Lady Jane Browne then living, the wife of Sir Anthony Browne's son, King Henry's Master of the Horse; but a Lady Brown, the wife of a London judge, is also mentioned.

When Tyrwhitt writes again, on January 28th, three days more had been spent by him in "practising with Elizabeth by all means and policy"—whether with Lady Brown's aid or not we are not informed—to no purpose, perhaps because there was nothing more to be told. The week's questioning and cross-questioning, however, had determined Elizabeth to write direct to the Protector. Her letter, which embodies the whole of her admissions, is as follows:—

THE LADY ELIZABETH to the LORD PROTECTOR.

My Lorde, your great Gentilnis, and good will towards me, as wel in this thinge, as in other thinges I do understande, for the wiche even as I oughte, so I do give you most humble Thankes. And wheras your Lordshipe willeth and counsellith me, as a earnest frende, to declare what I knowe in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Maister Tirwit I shal most willingly do it. I declared unto him first that after that the Cofesar had declared unto me what my Lorde Admiral answered for Alin's matter, and for Diram Place, that it was appointed to be a minte, he tolde me that my Lorde Admiral did offer me his house for my time beinge with the King's Majestie. And further sayd and asked me wether if the counsel did consente that I shulde have my Lord Admiral wether I wolde consente to it or no. I answered that I wolde not tel him what my minde was,

and I inquired further of him what he mente to aske me that question or who had him say so; he answered me and said, no bodye had him say so, but that he parseved (as he thoght) by my Lorde Admiral's inquiringe wether my patente were sealed or no, and debatinge what he spent in his house, and inquiringe what was spent in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise. And as concerninge Kat. Aschilye, she never avised me unto it but said alwaies (whan any talked of my mariage) that she wolde never have me marye, nether in inglande nor out of inglande, with out the consent of the Kinge's Majestie, your grace's, and the counsel's, and after the Quene was departed whan I asked of her what newes she harde from London, she answered merilye, 'The say ther that your grace shal have my Lord Admiral, and that he wil come shortly to woue you. And moreover I said unto him that the Cofesar sent a letter hither that my Lord sayd that he wolde come this waye as he went doune the cuntrye, than I had her write as she thoght best, and bade her shewe it me when she had done, so she write that she thought it not best for feare of suspicion, and so it went forthe, and my Lord Admiral after he had harde that asked of the Cofesar whie he mighte not come as wel to me as to my Sister; and than I desired Kat. Aschilye to write againe (lest my Lorde might thinke that she knewe more in it than he) that she knewe nothinge in it but suspicion. And also I tolde Maister Tirwit that to the effect of the matter I never consentid unto any suche thinge without the counsel's consent therunto. And as for Kat. Aschilye or the Cofesar she never tolde me that she wolde practise it. Thes be the thinges wiche I bothe declared to Maister Tirwit and also wherof my conscience berethe me witnis, wiche I wolde not for al ertely thinges offende in anythinge, for I knowe I have a soule to save as well as other fokes have wherfore I wil above al thinge have respect unto this same. If ther be any more thinges wiche I can remember I will ether write it my selfe, or cause Maister Tirwit to write it. Maister Tirwit and others have told me that ther goeth rumors abroad wiche be greatlye bothe agenste myne honor, and honestie wiche above al other thinkes I esteime, wiche be these, that I am in the tower and with childe by my Lord Admiral. My Lord these ar shameful schandlers, for the wiche besides the great desier I have to se the King's Majestie, I shal most hartely desire your Lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination, that I may shewe my selfe there as I am. Written in hast frome Alfelde this 25 of Januarye.

Your assured frende to mylittel power,
ELIZABETH.

This letter is written in the beautiful Italian hand which had been taught her by Ascham, the hand in which most of her early letters are written,

but which she relinquished in after years, under the pressure of business, for a current hand very difficult to decipher.

From Tyrwhitt's letter to the Protector of January 31, we find that the latter answered the above-quoted letter of Elizabeth, who received his instructions "very kindly," but who would acknowledge nothing further "as yet." She still screened Mrs. Ashley, and denied having ever spoken to her on the Admiral's proposals. Then Tyrwhitt proceeds to bear evidence of his own zeal in his task. "If your Grace did but know," he says, "of my processions with her, all manner of ways, your Grace would not a little marvel that she will no more cough out the matter than she doth." After speaking of her love to Mrs. Ashley, he proceeds to suggest that if the latter "would open any of these things that she is so replenished withal, and that Elizabeth might see some part of it, then I would have good hope to make her cough out the whole."

This hint was not fruitless, as will be seen from his next letter, dated February 5th. After saying that Elizabeth had received very "thankfully" a letter from the Protector, he proceeds: "At the reading of Mrs. Ashley's letter she was very much abashed, and half breathless, before she could read it to an end, and knew both Mrs. Ashley's hand and the cofferer's with half a sight, so that *fully she thinketh they have both confessed all they know.*" Immediately after her reading this letter he told her that Mrs. Ashley would utter nothing until she and Parry were brought face to face; that Parry stood fast to all he had written; and that Ashley thereupon called him "false wretch," and said that he had promised "never to confess it to death."

This curious letter, Tyrwhitt's trump card, apparently a confession in general terms signed both by Mrs. Ashley and by Parry, is not extant. The circumstance, however, of Tyrwhitt having expressed a wish to have such

a paper to show, coupled with the significant phrase in italics above, points to the grave conclusion that Tyrwhitt and Somerset were capable of "devising" not only letters but also pretended confessions. There is in the State Paper Office a confession by Mrs. Ashley, dated the day previous, February 4th, at the Tower, but this could hardly have been the document referred to, as it is not signed by Parry, and contains nothing involving Elizabeth. It is possible therefore that the document shown was a "device," and the scene between Mrs. Ashley and Parry simply the previously expressed suspicions of Tyrwhitt as to a secret compact put into dramatic form. Elizabeth, however, though shaken for the moment, was equal to the occasion, merely replying to Tyrwhitt that it was a great matter for Parry to promise such a promise and then break it. Tyrwhitt concludes his letter with an assurance that he will travail to-morrow all he can.

Thus a fortnight after Tyrwhitt's arrival at Hatfield we find the struggle still continuing, he endeavouring by all means fair and foul to obtain from Elizabeth something substantial which, true or untrue, might serve the Protector's object by being used as evidence against Seymour; and she, conscious no doubt of youthful indiscretion, but of no guilt, enduring the inquisition with masculine fortitude.

On February 7th, Tyrwhitt sends the results of his further examinations—meagre enough, for Elizabeth will in no way confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practice with Seymour. "They all sing one song," he adds in despair, "and so I think they would not do unless they had set the note before."

Mrs. Ashley had before this, as we have noticed, been removed from Hatfield by the Council. Lady Tyrwhitt, who was a most estimable person, had been appointed to her office, but Elizabeth would not recognise her appointment at all, maintaining that

Ashley was her mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the Council should now need to put any more mistresses upon her, and taking the matter so heavily that she "wept all that night, and lowered the next day." The Council on this administered a reprimand to Lady Tyrwhitt for her inability to obtain a recognition, and a remonstrance to Elizabeth in a letter of February 17th.

Tyrwhitt, in reporting to the Council Elizabeth's reception of the above letter, says he perceived she was very loath to have a governor, saying the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor put upon her—she fully hoping to recover her old mistress again. "The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at." "If he were to say his fancy," he writes, no doubt with a vivid recollection of his encounters with her, "it is that it were more meet she should have two governors than one!" His offer of advice to her in the composition of a letter to the Protector was scornfully rejected. He adds that she was beginning to droop, because she heard the Admiral's houses were dispersed; and she would not hear him discommended, "but is ready to make answer therein, and so she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, whereunto she was very ready to make answer vehemently."

On the 21st of February, Elizabeth again writes to the Protector, answering his complaint that she "seems to stand in her own wit, in being so well assured of her own self," by a dignified assurance that she has told only the truth; expressing her desire to preserve her fair fame in the eyes of the people; and desiring a proclamation to be issued to stop the false rumours about her, which was done.

With this letter the documents on the subject conclude. It is unnecessary here to follow the history of Seymour's speedy execution, and his

attempt, in his last hours, if Latimer is to be believed, to sow dissension between Mary and Elizabeth. Somerset's design of obtaining from Elizabeth weighty evidence against his brother signally failed, and the means he took to obtain it cannot be excused. Her affections had undoubtedly been to some extent engaged by the Admiral, and she narrowly escaped being made the tool of a reckless schemer. The circumstances demanded investigation, but to none was the inquiry so beneficial as to Elizabeth herself. It developed the girl of fifteen into a woman. The process was short and painful, and painful because short, but she was to be prepared for no ordinary career. Henceforth she was mistress of herself, "standing in her own wit, as being well assured of herself," and armed with that triple mail of circumspection which is the first requisite of the kingly office.

We have seen above that Lady Tyrwhitt was substituted for Mrs. Ashley as head of Elizabeth's household. Lady Tyrwhitt, says Mr. Stevenson, was a good woman, of deep religious convictions. The Princess would however by no means reconcile herself to the loss of Mrs. Ashley, to whose gross neglect of duty she owed all these troubles, and on the 7th of March she wrote to the Protector, praying the Council to be good to Mrs. Ashley and her husband; saying that she did not favour her "evil doing," but explaining and excusing her conduct, and detailing the pains Mrs. Ashley had been at in bringing her up "in learning and honesty." This letter—too long to quote here—is a most interesting one, and may be read in Ellis's *Letters*, 1st series, v. 2, p. 153.

In the end Elizabeth carried her point, and Mrs. Ashley subsequently rejoined her, though at what particular date is uncertain.

R. J. GUNTON.

To be continued.

A DAY AT MARGATE.

DURING the months of August and September a large portion of the people of England is *en vacance*, as the French more neatly put what we clumsily call "taking a holiday." Whether our holiday consist of scaling perilous heights among the mountains, or of taking a more or less humdrum tour with Cook or Gaze for a month, or of braving the chilliness and mist of a Scotch grouse moor, or of conducting our family and its attendant nursemaids to some fashionable watering-place, we all do the same thing in one way or another. For that portion of the community who cannot afford to take a "long vacation," excursion trains are run by obliging railway companies, so that a "happy day" may be spent at the seaside at a minimum of expense. Anybody so disposed may spend a long, if not a happy day, at Margate during the summer months. And if it be not a happy day, it will be their own fault, since Margate, filled with its summer visitors and the contents of a lengthy and over-crowded excursion train, affords the study of a side of human nature which cannot fail to be curious and interesting to intelligent lookers-on.

It is perhaps in itself one of the least ugly of Kentish watering-places—it is impossible to say more for it than this, yet on a bright summer's day, with enough breeze to show white horses on the distant sea, and curling waves of some fierceness on the sandy shore, with purple cloud shadows and green streaks chasing one another over the middle distant water, and dancing boats with little brown sails bobbing about, one need not look at the ugly stretch of flat sandy country on the other side of the town which groups itself not unpicturesquely round one

side of a small bay, and along a low chalk cliff. Towards the pier—the usual frightful long snake, built out into the sea for convenience—and on to the sands, rush the crowd of excursionists which the train has just disgorged.

On the sands some half naked urchins are running in and out of the water, some are busily engaged in digging trenches, and then making sand-banks to resist the on-coming of the ever crawling tide. This, as it suddenly breaks down the barrier raised against it, and rushes into the holes, they greet with shouts of opposition, and immediately proceed to dig another hole further away, in order, apparently, to enjoy the process over again. Bare-legged sprats of all shapes and sizes dance in the surf, some of them anxiously watched over by nursemaids and parents; others ride double on much enduring donkeys up and down the hard sands with shouts of ecstasy. Lovers walk in a languishing and absorbed condition in the midst of the merry noise, and splashing, and shouting; or sit on wet and slightly unsavoury rocks gazing at each other across shallow pools. On along the parade towards the pier we follow the crowd; small boys are fishing for crabs over the edge of the pier, at a tremendous distance below.

A curious stream of people flits to and fro before us as we seat ourselves to watch the fishing; and what is most observable, never a word of pure Queen's English meets our ears. The crowd is mainly composed of the lower class of London tradespeople come down either for the day or for the week, to make holiday and to enjoy themselves in their own fashion. This is much the fashion of their betters,

and if it be true that imitation is the sincerest flattery, no apter illustration of the court paid to "betters" in England could be found than on Margate pier in August.

If a satire upon Hyde Park in the month of May had been intended, it could hardly have been better contrived. Becurled and bewigged damsels, laced and high-heeled till even waddling is difficult; youths sedulously got up, and looking occasionally as if they had rather not be supposed to belong to their somewhat ignominious-looking elderly companions; bold-faced women, with curious collections of sham jewellery about their heads, ears, necks, and arms, and further displays on their gloveless and sunburnt hands (albeit not a bit bolder or more overhung with gewgaws than their more refined and educated sisters of the Row); elderly looking rakes; and *bonâ fide* English tradesmen and tradeswomen, smart and untidy, jolly, commonplace, and frivolous, absolutely contented with, and bent on, displaying themselves and their costumes, and looking for the most part as if they had not an idea in their heads beyond, although doubtless if we could only just scrape off a little of the outer coating of veneer we should discover warm hearts, clear heads, and even capabilities of high aspiration and of self-sacrifice underneath. But this is neither the time nor the opportunity for investigation of anything beyond outsides, so we only watch while all these pass up and down, and back again, some helping to fill the pleasure boats which go out perpetually on *ld.* excursions, some reading yellow-backed novels as they walk along, some controlling the insatiable desire of their infants to fling themselves over the edge of the pier into the sea below.

From this Vanity Fair in middle class life, which somehow leads us to severer strictures and more moral reflections upon the greater Vanity Fair of high life than we are accustomed

to make, we retrace our steps, and turn away from the town, and by some straggling lodging houses, to a large building, placed on a chalk cliff considerably above the sea and the rest of Margate. This building is the "Seabathing Infirmary, or National Hospital for the Scrofulous Poor of all England," and within these walls a struggle with the most treacherous, the most crippling, the most insidious, the most incurable of diseases, is steadily, and courageously, and scientifically carried on.

It is well termed the "National Hospital;" and perhaps the general public to whom the name "scrofula" only suggests vague horrors into which they hesitate to inquire further, are scarcely aware how much of personal interest, from a purely selfish point of view, every living soul ought to feel in the attempt to stem, in any degree, what may be properly called a national scourge.

The conviction of the nature of the disease was curiously expressed by our ancestors, when they called it the "King's Evil," and believed, even up to the time of Queen Anne, that some of the "divinity which doth hedge a king" was needed for cure of scrofula, and the touch of an anointed sovereign (thus suggesting a miracle) was deemed the only remedy. Though it is true that in no rank of life are men free from the tendency to this disease; it more especially attacks the ill-fed, ill-clothed inhabitants of badly ventilated dwellings, and unlike most other complaints, does not usually kill its victims, at any rate, not quickly. As a rule they drag out, from year to year, a miserable existence, deprived perhaps of a limb, perhaps of a sense, probably unable to work for their living, and very possibly transmitting the poison to a younger generation, where it may assume an even more acute form.

Here we come to the selfish reason why a scrofulous hospital is a national charge. For not only does this disease

cripple many useful members of society, but it gnaws at the root of national life, by destroying our health as a people, and by degrees, if we refuse to recognise this fact, it will certainly force itself upon our notice. It is not even too much to say that this is a case for the application of the old proverb, "Charity begins at home," for no one in any class of life can venture to say how nearly this disease may touch his own family, or at any rate, how it may affect his descendants.

This infirmary exists solely for the relief of the suffering poor; it contains no divided interests—even such as a medical school would imply; and there is altogether such an entire freedom and absence of strict hospital regulation as may give rise to the idea, apparently pretty generally entertained, that the institution is a Convalescent Home, that is, a place of recovery for sick people who have already been treated in a hospital.

This, however, is far from the case. It is intended only for the treatment of acute disease; some of the most serious operations known to surgeons (alas! here only too commonly necessary) are successfully performed; and the favourable results are mainly owing to the excellent conditions under which the patients are placed.

Imagine a large building of two stories high, standing in about three acres of ground, including a good sized garden with covered seats for the inmates, and a private walk down to the sands. From the big gates courtesy meets the visitor; the porter civilly recommends us to make our application to see the hospital to the superintendent, since we had come at a wrong hour, and ought not properly to have been admitted—and thus gives a pleasant impression of the place at its very doors. The old part of the hospital, raised nearly eighty years ago, is built round a quadrangle, and is, in spite of an (in some respects) old-fashioned appearance, light and airy

and generally cheerful, even to eyes accustomed to plenty of light. But to London patients, by whom these wards are largely filled, what must be the charm of windows looking towards the open sea? As a rule, however, except after an operation, scrofulous patients are not confined to their beds; and they most of them dine together in a large hall full of long tables, giving them something of the amusement which travellers gain from each other's company at the foreign *table-d'hôte*.

Long, well lighted passages, white and airy, where clean-looking young nurses are to be met, lead to the new wing of the hospital, constructed on all the best modern principles, containing lofty wards, with spotless walls looking as if they were tiled, but which really are composed of bricks covered with white cement, each brick costing 4½d. The floors are double to ensure dryness, deal underneath, and teak above, and are really a pleasure to walk upon, needing from their perfectly smooth and firm surface no external polish in the way of finish. As we pass through the still unused wards we observe a heating apparatus in the middle of each, and a large fireplace adorned with blue tiles at the end. Another passage leads us to a gigantic bathroom, a swimming-bath, lined with white glazed tiles, which may be filled with warm or cold seawater at will. This is lighted from the roof.

On again, and we enter a beautiful little chapel, looking less like a hospital chapel (to the eyes of people acquainted with those dismal and unsightly arrangements) than anything we had ever beheld. This church is richly and even lavishly adorned; its apsidal east end is full of small windows, with stained glass, by Clayton and Bell; indeed every window is painted, and almost every bit of wall covered with some painted text or pattern designed by the same able hands. Through the still unremoved scaffolding it may be seen that

the roof is high, and rich in wood-work, and that no pains or cost have been spared to make the little chapel worthy of its purpose, and pleasant to the eyes of the patients who shall hereafter worship in it.

Under the courteous guidance of the superintendent of the infirmary we are finally led up a staircase to a long balustraded roof, reminding us, by its whiteness in the bright sunshine, of Eastern countries and customs. Here patients, who are not able to get beyond the grounds of the hospital, may be carried, and here they may sit and enjoy sunshine and sea-breezes in absolute quiet, far above even the sea-shore sounds of galloping donkeys and shouting children, with only the distant plashing of the waves upon the beach below, or the occasional cry of sea-birds above, to disturb their peace. At high water, the occupants of the flat roof seem to be almost out at sea themselves, and nothing nearer a sea-bird's existence for maimed or helpless people could well be contrived.

Imagine patients, who have long been suffering from some of the many forms of scrofulous disease, shut up in the crowded lanes and streets of our great city, perhaps with a monotonous square yard of sky visible from their window, perhaps only some black wall,—suddenly transferred to this bright whiteness and purity, and surrounded by an endless expanse of sea, sky, and sunshine! Imagine, above all, the children—saddest of all the sad sights among the victims of scrofula—transported here. It may be scarcely necessary to describe, for it has been so often done, yet can we be too frequently reminded what some of the dwellings of the London poor are like? Words are, after all, insufficient, and their homes must be seen for their full squalor, darkness, and impurity to be appreciated. Children, to whom sunlight and air are among the necessities of existence, are bred up in holes and corners where neither the rays of the blessed sun, nor much of

his light, nor even a breath of air which is not defiled, can enter. Poor crippled beings will sometimes spend the greater part of long weary lives alone in these foul habitations. Much has been done to improve the condition of the poor in this respect; but much still remains. Meanwhile it may be said, without exaggeration, that every minute spent by children in such air as that of Margate—nay, every breath they draw there, is of advantage to them, even apart from the medical treatment and skill, and the good food which they here enjoy. And let it be understood that in no other hospital in England are the same advantages to be found in combination as at Margate, of which place it has been said that, were it possible for a person to be put together again after he had been ~~cut~~ in two, it might be done at Margate.

And such conditions are indeed much. For although medical and surgical treatment is absolutely necessary for the control or the cure of scrofulous disease, yet the air of a general hospital—always more or less vitiated—is so fatally pernicious to children suffering from this terrible complaint, that the treatment of scrofula under hospital conditions is often practically useless. Medical skill must be aided by the purest attainable air in unlimited quantity, and often also by constant sea-baths; and change of air and scene, as well as good food and tonics, constitute a large portion of the cure.

And if it were only thoroughly realised that delay in the case of scrofula is apt to become fatal, and that therefore no effort should be spared to save the little children of our country while it is yet possible, this institution and its inhabitants would surely receive a larger share of public support, if not out of compassion for the undeserved suffering of inheritance, at least from a large-minded desire for the welfare of future generations of Englishmen.

It is not difficult to let our compassion be roused as we walk through the wards at Margate, and find a row of children either with disease distinctly marked by deformity and ugliness, or, on the other hand, by the unusual beauty of complexion, the peculiar pathetic dark-gray eyes and long black eyelashes, which are so remarkable in many scrofulous children. And if we make the acquaintance of some of these children, we shall find a curiously sharpened mental condition, and in some cases a precocious sensitiveness, not usually to be met with among the lowly born and bred. This, one of the fruits of the disease, renders them specially unfit to struggle against physical disadvantages for their livelihood. Upon them and their welfare, therefore, much of the superfluous energy which is abundant in our country might advantageously be expended. In many cases, if the complaint were attacked in its earlier stages, entire cure would be the result, and thus, to say nothing of the suffering which would be saved, the only effectual check to the disease, nationally speaking, might be given.

Yet it seems that because the hospital is not in London it is therefore considered as more local and less general in its character than the great metropolitan hospitals, whereas it is really, as I have tried to show, more absolutely national, and appeals more to the interest of every individual English man and woman, as well as to their humanity, than any of the well-known London infirmaries. Margate is not now a fashionable watering-place; rich people no longer go there, and therefore the scrofula hospital is not heard of in quarters from which the much-needed help can flow. If rich people do hear of it, or do occasionally glance at a blue paper which may be sent them, before thrusting it into the waste-paper basket they say to themselves, "Oh, that everlasting Convalescent Home at Margate, or

somewhere, wants money; but then they all want money, and Margate is no more an object of charity than any other, I suppose."

Let the splendid new wards, with their Eastern roofs, bathroom, and chapel, answer this too common remark. To the munificent liberality of one man, Sir Erasmus Wilson, the scrofulous poor of England owe their increase of means and appliances for the treatment and cure of their sufferings. He has not considered 25,000*l.* too much money to spend upon doing the work in the best possible way; nor has the architect, whose name is well-known to the public as the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, evidently deemed any pains or expenditure of thought and artistic talent too great for the needs of the case.

It is not indeed given to everybody to do what these men have so nobly done for the poor, but yet it must be clear that this increase of building, in answer to repeated calls upon the infirmary for more accommodation, implies also increase of income; so that without a large addition of extraneous help, the prospect of making the hospital even partially free seems to vanish further and further into the distance. Yet the inevitably heavy weekly payment for board must stand in the way of the full use of the institution. Scrofulous patients need the best food, and no expense is spared by the managers to supply it—wines and spirits and costly articles of diet being freely ordered for the patients when considered necessary by the medical men. At present the directors do not find it possible to charge less per month than *1*l.** for children, and *1*l.* 4*s.** for adults—little enough, and yet very often too much for the patients readily to furnish. If the most hopeful cases—the children—could be admitted at only half the present cost, the usefulness of the charity would be more than doubled.

Do not these facts appeal to the women of England? and will not the

tenderness towards little children, which exists in every woman, and only needs to be roused, lead them to consider whether by some special exertion they cannot meet a special need? I plead that at least some thought and attention should be given to the sufferings of scrofulous children—sufferings at once too well-known to medical men, and too little considered by the community at large.

Those people who daily, in the autumn of each year, amuse themselves, and lay in a stock of health on the sands and pier at Margate—should they not open their eyes and their hearts to the fellow-creatures so near them, and yet so far off, within the infirmary walls? It needs no high degree of education or of refinement to do this, no large expenditure of time or trouble; and these visitors, wives and daughters of men of business, if they would give some of their thoughts and energies to the matter, might be largely instrumental in getting the institution more widely

known, and the objects of it properly understood and liberally supported by their friends in London.

Let people go down, by excursion train or otherwise, to Margate, and see some of these invalid children breathing pure, instead of vitiated air, leading healthy out-door lives, eating nourishing food under kind and wise superintendence, and thus storing up within themselves health and spirits with which to return to their sunless city homes. Compare those who have lately arrived, with some whose cure is nearly completed, and the mere sight will produce an impression such as no eloquent report or newspaper appeals can effect. It is impossible not to believe that if only a clear impression of these facts can be produced, the necessary result must follow, and that a consistent national support will be given to the only existing hospital for the treatment of a disease which is eating into the very vitals of our national strength and vigour.

MARGARET LONSDALE.

PROPERTY *versus* PERSON—INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES.

THERE is no subject of more importance to the public than the mode in which the criminal law is administered. Upon the mode of its administration, and its effect upon the criminal classes, the comfort, peace, and security of the public largely depend. Public attention has been lately drawn to the subject by the apparent increase of savage, and often unprovoked assaults upon peaceful persons going about their avocations in the streets. Having long felt that some change was needed, either in the law, or the way in which it was administered, I addressed questions, in the House of Commons during last session, to the Home Secretary, calling his attention to some glaring cases where almost nominal punishments were inflicted upon ruffians for outrages of a most brutal character. Towards the end of the session I moved a resolution upon the subject contrasting the punishments awarded for assaults upon the person with the sentences passed upon criminals for attacks upon property. I endeavoured to show, and I think succeeded in showing, that in the first class of cases they were often, indeed generally, entirely inadequate, while in the second they were almost uniformly excessive. If this statement is true, and I am sure that it is substantially so, it follows that in the eye of the law, and in the minds of its administrators, property is more sacred than person or even life. I contended that drunkenness should not be allowed as a plea in mitigation of punishment, except in very rare and extraordinary circumstances. Finally I moved for a return of the number of outrages upon the person during the last five years, and the punishments awarded in each case. I fear that this return will show an increasing number of

such crimes, and if it does, it will be due to the inadequacy of the punishments given by police magistrates and others. If it could be shown that the maximum punishments permitted by the law were generally given, then it would be clear that the law itself was to blame and not its administrators. Perhaps it is partly both, but before changing the law it must first be shown that its full power has been applied. I do not think that this is the case, for it often happens that not a tenth of the punishment allowed by law is given. This country has attained a most unenviable notoriety for a class of crime but little known in others. Brutal assaults upon wives and women of all kinds are a disgrace to the manhood of England, and it is high time that the reproach should be wiped out.

The Home Secretary was never able to suggest any means by which public attention could be called to cases of manifest injustice. He always contended that no person was competent to say whether a sentence was adequate or inadequate, unless he had been present in court when the case was tried, had heard all the evidence, and had had an opportunity of studying the demeanour of the witnesses. If this theory is a true one the public is indeed helpless and publicity useless. I contend, and I think most reasonable people will agree with me, that when a person has been found guilty by a jury, a judge, or a magistrate, the public is quite competent to say whether the punishment has been commensurate to the offence, without having heard a word of the evidence or having seen one of the witnesses. I readily admit that the public is not competent, upon the mere report of a trial, to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty with the same certainty as a judge or jury. But

the evidence having been sufficient to satisfy the judge and the jury any one is competent to say whether the sentence is a fair one or an unfair one. The Home Secretary argued, too, that it was unreasonable to suppose that judges and magistrates were less humane than the mover of the resolution, and that, therefore, their judgments should not be criticised.

The following cases will show the impunity with which brutal injury can be inflicted upon the person, and the terrible consequences to the criminal when his crime has been the abstraction of a few pence or shillings from the pocket or the till. The first to which I ventured to call the attention of the Home Secretary last session was the case of a man named Hunt, tried before Lord Coleridge on the 26th of May. This man was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife. He was seen chasing her over a field, and having thrown her down, kicked her with his heavy boots either on the head or the back of the neck. The woman never moved, and when reproached by some neighbours he said it "served her right." She died almost immediately, and when the police came they found the prisoner calmly smoking his pipe. The man was in a state of intoxication, and stated that they had had a thousand quarrels. The jury convicted him of manslaughter, a verdict in which the judge concurred. The learned judge then said "there was no crime which varied so much in its moral aspect as manslaughter, in one case it might nearly approach murder. In this case the prisoner had wilfully deprived himself of the guidance of reason, and had been the means of causing the death of this young woman with whom he might have lived happily. While giving effect to the recommendation of the jury he must pass upon the prisoner a sentence to show that human life was a precious thing in the eye of the law, and could not be taken without punishment. He sentenced him to six weeks' hard labour."

The solemn address of the judge
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about the value of human life was a farce, and the sentence that followed was a burlesque. Be it remembered that this prisoner's crime was so very like murder that it had been mistaken for the real article by the coroner's jury. This sentence was passed on the 26th of May, and before the middle of July Hunt was a free man—free to look for a successor to the late Mrs. Hunt, with whom, the Chief Justice said, he might have lived happily had he not had the misfortune to kill her. If Hunt had stolen a small object more "precious in the eye of the law," namely a sixpence, he would probably have had to suffer loss of liberty for a longer period. In June, at the Surrey Sessions, Michael Murphy was tried for taking a purse containing nine shillings quietly out of the pocket of a woman who was looking into a shop window. He had been previously convicted, and the sentence was ten years' penal servitude. It is but fair to Hunt to say that the one with whom he might have lived happily was the first wife he had killed. On the 11th of the same month, William Dean, described as "a brutal husband," was tried at the Guildhall for brutally assaulting and kicking his wife. He was a violent man, and ill-used her, drunk or sober. He struck her several times in the face, knocked her down, and while she was on the ground kicked her savagely in the face. It was not his first offence, and he got three months. On the 11th of July a man of the name of William Harcourt was charged, at Westminster, with assaulting a woman who was most justly described as "an unfortunate." The prisoner, without the slightest provocation, beat her most unmercifully about the head and face. The magistrate said the prosecutrix was as much entitled to the protection of the law as any one else, and gave the prisoner one month. At the Middlesex Sessions in December a man was convicted of stealing two shillings worth of coals, and was sentenced to eight months' hard labour. At the same sessions another man was

indicted for wounding his wife. The police found the woman bleeding from the leg and hand, and the prisoner with an open razor, wet with blood. He said "he wished he had cut her head off." A previous conviction was proved, and he had frequently been charged with similar offences, but was acquitted because his wife would not appear against him. He was sentenced to twelve months. The next case was of watch stealing, the watch being valued at thirty-five shillings. One previous conviction was proved, and the sentence was five years' penal servitude, and three years' police supervision. At the Middlesex Sessions again on December 9th, a man who is described as "a dangerous character, was found guilty of having his hands in another person's pockets. He ran away, having taken a knife and some keys without violence, and the sentence was five years. The following contrast is worthy of special attention. At Lambeth Police Court, according to the report in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 10th, two men were charged with assaulting a married woman and her female servant, as they were passing along the Westminster Road. One seized Mrs. Pritchard declaring she was his wife. Upon her resenting his behaviour, he struck her twice in the face, and then threw her down upon the pavement. The girl was in the meantime being treated improperly by the other ruffian, and upon her resisting and trying to find a constable, he struck her violently in the face with his fists. The magistrate thought that six weeks in the one case, and a forty shilling fine in the other, fairly met the requirements of the case. The same fine was inflicted at Wandsworth on the same day for driving a tricycle on a foot-path. I could multiply these cases, until your readers would be weary of them, but it is needless for it is notorious that such cases are of daily occurrence. But I have still one or two that should not be omitted. At the Westminster Police Court, as reported on the 16th of December, a man named

Caxton was charged with being drunk and assaulting a woman, who was a stranger to him, and, as events proved, had reason to regret the introduction. As this woman was leaving the Westminster Bridge Station, the prisoner addressed her offensively, and upon her telling him that she did not desire his company, he first abused and then knocked her down. This being in his opinion an insufficient punishment for declining his society, he kicked her about the left side, while on the ground. Allowing her to get up, he again knocked her down, kicked her, and finally, being satisfied that he had sufficiently avenged the slight offered to him, ran away. He was, however, captured, and being brought before the magistrate was fined four pounds and one pound costs.

People will ask, with a mixture of amazement and indignation, if this was a case for a fine. And they may ask at the same time what would have been the punishment of this man if instead of treating this woman in the way described he had simply robbed her without violence or picked her pocket? Can any one, who has paid the smallest attention to the subject, doubt that the sentence would have been imprisonment with hard labour, or perhaps penal servitude for a number of years? And can any one doubt which the woman would have preferred, if she had been offered an alternative? Being robbed, without violence, or being maltreated in this way without being robbed. What woman, or any one else, would not have preferred giving up whatever they might happen to have about them rather than have their features smashed by brutal fists, or permanent injury inflicted by kicks from heavy boots? Let any one ask himself or herself this question, and, I venture to say, there will be but one answer. In whose interest, then, is it that such disparity should exist between sentences affecting property and sentences affecting the person? The administrators of the law seem to look upon attacks upon property, however

small, with the utmost horror, and deal with them accordingly. On the other hand they treat crimes of the most malignant and savage character against the person as trivial and venial, to be dealt with in the most lenient way. It has long been a puzzle to the few who take any interest in such matters that such should be the case, but I am glad to see that the public is becoming interested in the question. And it is time, for if ruffianism is to go on practically unchecked by exemplary punishments the streets of London will soon be unsafe for decent people to walk in.

It is time, too, that the wives of these savages should have some effective protection afforded to them. It may be safely assumed, that for every case of wife beating that comes before the police at least a hundred occur that are never heard of. It may be a thousand, for there is great natural reluctance on the part of poor women to appear in such cases. It is not wonderful that it should be so, for woman is merciful and forgiving. But there is a stronger reason, and that is the fear of consequences when the few days of comfortable imprisonment are over, and the husband and father returns. If the punishment were exemplary and sufficient to deter, this fear would be diminished. I am afraid that no punishment will be really effective, in these cases, that does not inflict bodily suffering, of an acute kind, upon the perpetrator. The ruffian who is before the magistrate may be, for all his brutality the breadwinner of the family, and to lock him up may result in sending them all into the workhouse. Although this is a difficulty it is not greater in the case of violence to the person than in cases of attacks upon property. It will not therefore afford any explanation of the disparity of the sentences, to which I am referring, although it is well worthy of consideration when any change in the law is contemplated. There is a strong feeling in this country, and it is a natural and commendable feeling, against the use of corporal punish-

ment, except in very extreme cases. But is not such wife beating as we see almost daily in the papers an extreme case? It is bad enough for a man to assault his own wife, but I hold it to be even worse to assault another man's wife, or daughter, in the public streets. And then to plead, as is so often done, that drink was the cause. One disgusting crime is pleaded as a set off against another, and the plea is allowed. This would be, to a great extent, checked if drunkenness in the street, or any other public place, constituted an offence in itself, without waiting for the too common homicidal development of it. A night in a police cell, or a small fine, might be a sufficient punishment, but persons who are obviously drunk should not be permitted to go at large in public places. Lunatics are not allowed to walk about the streets, and drunken men are temporarily lunatics, and very dangerous lunatics too, as many poor people have found. If the streets were periodically swept by the police, and all persons found drunk were conveyed away to the cells, the effect would be most salutary, and many a loathsome scene would be avoided and many a brutal and bloody crime averted. But when drunkenness is not treated as an offence, but is daily held, in our courts, to be an admissible plea in mitigation of the punishment due for other crimes, committed under its influence, it is no wonder that it is common. An intelligent criminal who has made the literature of the police courts his study must see that if he has made up his mind to commit a crime it may mitigate his offence if he can plead that he was drunk. He will find no instance, in all the records he may search, in which drunkenness has increased the punishment. Let every drunken man or woman, no matter what their position may be, who are found walking, or staggering, or lying in a public place, be locked up, without appeal, until their senses have returned, and the number of such people will sensibly diminish. Those who commit outrages from the exuber-

rance of their own brutality must be taught by the experience of bodily pain that which they are certainly not taught at present, and that is to dread the consequences to themselves.

I have reserved one case because it is recent and very important, owing to the serious nature of the crime. In this case the victim was more or less under the influence of drink, and the criminals were sober. A widow, named Anne Jacques, was in the neighbourhood of Tooting on the night of the 7th of August. She was knocked down, outraged, and maltreated to such an extent that she died on the 14th of October from peritonitis, resulting from the injuries she received. Five men were put upon their trial for the wilful murder of this woman, at the Central Criminal Court on November 23rd. The prisoners were acquitted on the charge of murder. They were then put upon their trial for an indecent assault, and three were found guilty. Sentence was postponed, but ultimately one got sixteen months' and two others six months' hard labour. Mr. Justice Hawkins "commented on the atrocious aspect in which the case presented itself against one of the men, and also upon the unmanly and unfeeling way in which he had behaved." He finally expressed a hope that the sentences would "serve as a warning to the prisoners for the rest of their lives." I quote from the *Times* report, which states that the circumstances were "unfit for publication." It is difficult to comment freely upon a crime, the circumstances of which are unfit for publication, and which the *Times* report further states were of "a very horrible and revolting nature." The learned judge called the crime "atrocious," and regretted that he had not the power to send the worst of the ruffians into penal servitude. Surely then he gave the maximum sentence that the law allowed. On the contrary, he took into consideration the circumstance that the prisoners had been put to some inconvenience in having to wait from

August to November before being tried! If the learned judge could not punish as severely as he desired, he need not have gone out of his way to give credit for the detention during the three months preceding the trial. Surely if the crime merited penal servitude, which owing to the nature of the charge could not be given, the highest punishment the law allowed, under the circumstances, should have been imposed. One may reasonably ask how it happened that the second charge against the prisoners was not for rape instead of indecent assault. This last may be of the most trivial nature, but in this case it ended in the death of the victim.

Once more, let me ask, what would have been the sentence upon these men if, instead of outraging this wretched woman in such a manner as to cause her death, they had only knocked her down and robbed her? And if, in robbing, they had killed their victim, is it not certain that if the crime did not amount to murder, it would have entitled the prisoners to a sentence just short of the capital one? And they would have got it. The sacred rights of property were not infringed, and so sixteen months' imprisonment sufficed. Ten years would have been the least if a purse had been concerned, but a poor woman's property in her own life and honour are apparently not vested interests. This case has attracted some attention, but it is now nearly forgotten. It will be the fault of the public and of Parliament if scandals such as I have quoted are allowed to continue, and if a revision of the Criminal Law, and a proper, reasonable classification of crime is not insisted upon. Lawyers describe the things that ordinary people consider discreditable, if not actually disgraceful to the country, as "anomalies of the law." The sooner law and common sense and common justice are made to coincide the better.

DONALD H. MACFARLANE.

RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE one great fact which a Western traveller has to learn in Russia is the inconceivability of a popular revolution. We who are familiar with Western political life, and derive our notions of dangerous discontent from French or even from German or Italian precedents, must forget all these things if we would understand Russia. These populations with which we are familiar are made up of men who have a political history behind them. The French peasant, conservative or revolutionary, has inherited traditions which extend from the civilised Gauls, whom Caesar organized into a Roman society, through the Frankish invaders, and the empire of Charlemagne, and the Bourbons, down to the great Revolution. The German Socialist is a man of theories, which generations of philosophical professors and students have worked out for him. His ancestors had to deal, as best they could, with feudal castles, and the first corporate towns, and prince-bishops, and trade guilds; and however ignorant he may be, he cannot have helped hearing something of the Reformation times, and of all the frantic attempts to make the Reich a political reality, down to the Napoleonic wars and the troubles of 1848. The Italian of to-day may be a beggar or a bandit, but at any rate he has great memories of Rome—republican, imperial, and papal; of Florence, with its polity and its culture; of Venice and the merchant oligarchy, and the struggle with the later Austrian tyrannies. Such things are the *pabulum* of agitation. All these men are possible revolutionaries, because they have a political past and can imagine a political future. Ideas are no new thing. Their fathers made and unmade polities, and why not they also?

But of all this there is no trace in

Russia. What we sum up glibly under that name is a mass of 80,000,000 of men, not only destitute of ideas, but incapable of seeking them; who live on monotonously in a simple-minded acceptance of things as they are; orthodox in religion, without any thought of inquiry; docile to any master, and long-suffering under great privation; and, above all, worshipping the Czar with a blind and passionate devotion as a power second only to the Providence of God.

The full meaning and outcome of such a difference is not easily comprehended, until one has seen the people themselves and lived among them; and as the average tourist has not time to penetrate into Russia, we suffer from a chronic misunderstanding. Even Irish politics are little enough understood in England, where every one reads the newspaper outrages, and very few ever visit the country or attempt to make any intimate acquaintance with its peculiar people. By a similar law, from Russia we hear only the terrible rumours from time to time of plots and assassinations and deportations wholesale to Siberia; and we are naturally horrified and set a-thinking what an awful country that must be to live in, and how certainly some great catastrophe is drawing on. Whereupon, for more abundant caution, we write to our broker and direct him to sell our Russian bonds while there is yet time. All this is pure misunderstanding. It would be, in truth, as reasonable to expect a bloody revolution in England, because of the attempted outrages at Salford and the Mansion House, as it is to despair of the state in Russia because the Czar was murdered. And the reason is in both cases plain. It is because, granting the existence of ugly and even

dangerous social elements which may and will do much incidental mischief, there remains, nevertheless, on the side of political stability, an aggregate of forces so enormous that by nothing short of a miracle could these sporadic conspirators succeed in achieving a real revolution.

It was with such reflections that the writer stood one evening in October on the quays of the Basili Ostrov and saw the sun, as it came out before its setting on a rainy day, light up first the gilt needle-spire of the Fortress Church, and then across the Neva the red mass of the Winter Palace and the long line of the Admiralty, and at last the flashing dome of the Isaac Cathedral. Presently, upon the background of dark cloud to the east, stood out a perfect rainbow, and rested with one foot on the fortress, where the last batch of Nihilists had just been locked away, and with the other upon the palace roofs, where the Imperial flag was floating.

The friends with whom I was living were Russians, chiefly of the Court party, and I found them for the most part not at all disinclined to discuss politics as among friends. My own presuppositions were distinctly against the Government, and I did not hesitate to say so, and to cross-examine them accordingly; but with the friendly good nature of the Slav, they disclaimed the least offence, and did their best to teach me the error of my ways. How far they succeeded, I cannot judge; but I will ask leave to set down the substance of their teaching for the benefit of such as have not yet gone to seek it at the fountain head.

And first, let me indicate the character and situation of my chief instructors. I shall select four, whom I shall call for convenience Feodor, Magnus, Olga, and Michael. Feodor was a pure Russian, and an excellent fellow throughout. He was the aide-de-camp and devoted attendant of one of the Grand Dukes. I met him in the country, where he was living in a quaint little box by

the sea with his young wife and a small family, amusing himself by hunting and shooting the country round. He was a small-made, active man, eager and impulsive in his manner, and with a certain air of *camaraderie* which became him well. Magnus was in almost everything the exact opposite. He was a Count who had gone in for iron-mining and manufactures, and had become a wealthy man. He was rather a grand person both in presence and manner, and spoke slowly, like a responsible man who weighed his words. He looked somewhat cold and distant, and was sometimes *brusque*; but in reality was a thoroughly good-hearted and most friendly man. He had travelled a good deal and read little; but trusted chiefly to a shrewd business-like intelligence, which served him well. When I visited him, he was at Petersburg for a visit of some weeks, on business with certain of the Ministers. Olga was his wife. To describe her is not easy; for she was a woman impossible anywhere except in Russia. She was a great Siberian heiress, and rumour described her father and her brothers as very erratic people. She was nearly forty, but retained, nevertheless, a certain curious and youthful beauty, of a dark, almost gipsy type. Her face betrayed a good deal both of daring and of passion, yet she was very simple and good, and even child-like in her way of life, capable of most unwearying kindness, and in her own way almost as *dévôté* as a Parisian. Her husband treated her with an elephantine tenderness that was sometimes quite touching; and she on her side believed in him with all her might. The Graf Michael was, again, a very different person. He was a native of Esthland, where he held an immense property. By blood he was partly Swedish, and by culture chiefly German. He had been a student at the University of Dorpat, had diligently studied Political Economy and "Landwirthschaft," and had been called away almost before his course

was ended to manage the family estates, which he found in utter confusion. For twenty years he had patiently toiled at the problem, making mistakes of course, but in the main working out the ideas he had imbibed from his professors; and the results of his labour were now beginning to be visible.

Such being my chief instructors, it may be supposed that I would hear chiefly the courtly side of the matter; and I suppose it was so. But from their account of Russian life, compared with much other information which I was able to derive from various sources, I believe myself to have carried away a very fair idea of certain general facts. And the foremost of these seemed beyond all doubt to be the breadth and depth of unthinking Russian loyalism. Everything went to show how deep-rooted was the devotion of all men, peasant and noble alike, to the chief of Church and State. The least kind of disrespect or even of levity in any matter relating to the Czar will put any country lad in a passion. An innocent purchaser was once torn to pieces at a photograph stall in Moscow, because some of the country folk saw him tear by accident a picture of the Czar, and took it into their heads that he meant it as an insult. It is perfectly true that they are very ready to grumble—what peasantry is not? But the grievances are always laid at the door of the nearest master or official, and the fixed idea remains that if only the Father of his people knew the truth about all this, he would set it right. Bakounin, perhaps the ablest man of the revolutionary section, had some hope at first of rousing the agricultural masses; but he found it hopeless. Familiar as the Russian peasant is with the simple and primitive Communism of the *Mir*, he is not excited to subversive courses by the mere idea of abolishing personal property in favour of Socialist arrangements. Therefore, Bakounin failed; and every preacher of revolution must for generations to come fail also in

the rural parts of Russia. Local and particular discontents are easily allayed. A scapegoat, or a vigorous colonel of the line, will always settle such questions. As for anything more widespread, it is almost incredible that agitations should ever communicate themselves from one district to another with any volume or rapidity. Revolution on a great scale is more difficult anywhere than it used to be, for the *prima facie* possession of administrative machinery gives incalculable odds in favour of the Government. But in Russia, with its immense distances and its inert and helpless population, a dangerous rising is impossible.

One asks, naturally, "What then is the meaning of Nihilism? How is it possible that in the midst of a profoundly loyal people there can yet exist a vast conspiracy ramifying through all ranks of society, and ready and able to go to the most terrible lengths in order to protest against this very autocracy of the Czar?" My friends' answers were characteristic. The prosperous Magnus treated all Nihilists with infinite contempt. "They are the disappointed men," said he, "who were too impracticable or too unsteady to do anything for themselves and therefore became Pessimists and wanted to rearrange Society." My aide-de-camp, on the other hand, explained that it was education that did the mischief. "Every sharp-witted boy or girl who goes to even a primary school, and gets on a little faster than the rest, begins to take an interest in the new ideas. They have notions about science and philosophy; and by and by, at sixteen or so, they leave their homes and cut themselves adrift from our effete conventionalities in search of the ideal life."

Both theories, no doubt, were in a way correct. Nihilism in Russia is an explosive compound, generated by the contact of the Slav character with Western ideas. It was only in the last reign that the University system of Russia developed into any import-

ance. It was then forced into an artificial activity, under the tutelage of second-rate Western professors, mostly young, crude, and very advanced, as was inevitable where technical sciences were so strongly encouraged and speculative studies disapproved. The independent tendencies of Russian women came out strongly. There are 1,000 of them now engaged in the higher studies at St. Petersburg, of whom two-thirds are of good birth. The result was that the Slavonic youth, hitherto densely ignorant, and contented in an artificial system of society and religion, was blinded by a blaze of effective theories, wherein everything they had been taught to believe in was brilliantly explained to be an antiquated absurdity. But the Slavonic youth is as impulsive when excited as it is docile in its normal state. The new ideas seemed to open up a limitless future of general reconstruction. Yet at the same time all the surrounding circumstances appeared absolutely hopeless. Not only was the official corruption and maladministration open and confessed on all hands, and seemingly so rooted in high places that no method short of the most drastic could affect it, but at the same time all free speech and all speculative inquiries were as far as possible repressed, and personal liberty was daily and hourly at the mercy of the police. Centres of crystallisation were formed by individual discontents, arising often, no doubt, out of the disappointed ambition of men who had been half-trained and now found no suitable career, but chiefly out of the arbitrary injustice constantly done to men either too honest to bribe, or too independent to bow at the proper time. In the absence of all possible religion—for the Russian orthodoxy is too entirely formal to leave the faintest traces in the mind of the apostate, and the new creed contained no terms that even tended to supply the void—these men made themselves a religion of their despair. In a kind of blending of the fashionable modern

Pessimism with the Comtist enthusiasm for humanity, they held themselves ready to sacrifice a valueless life for the bringing to pass of the kingdom of man. Like the maniacs of the French Terror, they were too keenly alive to existing evils to see any road out of them except by wholesale demolition. A breach with the national past had no terrors to them, for they had broken with it already. Crime was not repulsive, for the landmarks of good and evil had been swept away.

Under a despotism, all dissent is a secret society. The young men and maidens, under their more experienced and more embittered chiefs, easily formed their rings and started their system of meetings and intercommunication. As has been said, a very large proportion of the conspirators were at least half-educated: the heaven ran like wildfire through the Government Technical Colleges, and half the best engineers and chemists in St. Petersburg were bitten by the new disease. Nor were funds wanting. Many of the proselytes were both rich and noble, and their wealth, and, what was more valuable, their official positions or connections, and their access to the palace, became so many weapons in the hands of the Committee of Three. It was often probably a not ignoble weariness of the barbaric and immoral luxury which corrodes so much of the *noblesse* that led men and women of high position and relatively great attainments either directly to join or quietly to sympathise with the organisation. The universal corruption in all ranks of the public service was another opportunity. Even in the most vital matters the Government was badly served, and the resultant distrust produced a ruinous paralysis. Members of the dreaded league were to be found in every public office, and it is said that the police agents who hunted the assassin were often his accomplices. The assistance of the carmen being essential, some of them were taken in: but this was not a

very reliable method. It was better to send trusted agents into the streets as *isvostchiks*, and it is within my own knowledge that a Russian gentleman of independent means (now living in Germany) has served for three years at the command of the association as a common droschke-driver in the streets of St. Petersburg. So long as such men are connected with the conspiracy, it it will be very safe from the police.

But, as might be expected, the objects of this dangerous association are far from definite. Many of those in Russia who would in England be called moderate Liberals, will not hesitate to say, in safe company, that they sympathise to a large extent with the purposes of the Nihilist society. Their meaning is that they believe the Nihilists to aim primarily at the abolition of official corruption and the establishment of free criticism under a Constitution. There is no doubt that these are the proximate aims of the more statesmanlike party—for there are many parties—among the revolutionists: and it is said by some that if these were conceded, they would be willing to hold their hands and allow the Government a respite until the working of the Constitution could be tested in practice. It is probable that if they did not adopt such a course, the society would lose a large amount of the support it now receives. But he would be a very optimistic prophet who would venture to say that even such reforms, however honestly carried through, would extinguish the Russian revolutionary party. Many, if not most, of the leading spirits have visions of a very different state of things, and are prepared to go on at all risks, till that is realised. There are those who believe that Lord Beaconsfield's favourite horror, "the Secret Societies," have the real control of the movement, and mean to use it in spite of all local reforms as a potent means of accelerating the general ruin of "the Altar and the Throne."

Such being the state of the problem, how does the Government propose to

deal with it? Most Liberals at home seem to regard the Russian court as a hopelessly stupid and reactionary body; but probably few have taken the trouble to think out what should in fact be done. It is easy to say "Give them a Constitution;" but it must be remembered that probably at no time within historic memory was our own land so unfit for constitutional government as Russia is now. Amidst an all-prevalent official corruption, they have to reckon with a *noblesse* morally effete and every way unreliable, with a Church barren of all spirituality, and with an inaccessible territory half-peopled by an idealess population. What will a Constitution do for them? My aide-de-camp complained bitterly of the English prejudice against the methods of the Czar. "The Romanoffs," he said, "have never been selfish in the matter of political rights. When any reform has been shown to be practicable and for the good of their people they have never thought it a sacrifice to forego their own prerogatives. The present Czar is at least as eager as his father to advance the freedom and prosperity of his children. He is perfectly ready to grant a Constitution to-morrow if any one could prove that it would work. But at present it would only result in allowing the corrupt local dignitaries, whose misgovernment is at least as much against the interest of the palace as of the people, to bribe their unintelligent neighbours into sending them to Parliament. You would widen corruption wholesale, only to give the evil a new lease of power." If it was objected that in any case you would have free public criticism of the abuses of the bureaucracy, there was a ready reply. "You cannot give opportunities for reasonable and well-meaning criticism without letting loose a flood of malicious and revolutionary critics also. The Nihilists are too sharp-witted and too ubiquitous not to gain as much as any one by the new opportunities of a constitutionalism, which would never satisfy them."

So much for the Court side of the case. The Opposition told me a different, yet perhaps hardly an inconsistent, story. "It was a thousand pities," they said, "that the last attack on the late Czar succeeded. The governorship of Loris Melikoff had begun to restore confidence. He was not a brilliant man, but he was trusted. Relying not on political theories, but on common sense and mother-wit, he sought practical solutions for practical questions, and always made it his first object, wherever he found signs of discontent, to ascertain what the people wanted." He had succeeded, as my informants averred, in getting a full constitution drawn up, and it lay in the Emperor's desk, ready for signing. It was not perhaps a final settlement, nor anything like it; but it would have gone far to rally the support of all well-meaning men, however theoretically extreme, to the side of law and order. The Czar was hesitating, and he could not have held out very long. But the assassination, with all its horrible details, introduced the new factor of revenge. Yet even then the new Czar hesitated. The party of Melikoff still pressed for the same great step. It was thought in ministerial circles that Alexander III. was on the point of signing, when the influence of some reactionaries in the innermost circles of the Palace, and notably of the Emperor's quondam tutor, produced an unexpected reaction. Suddenly, the able and single-minded fanatic who rules the world of Moscow, the veteran journalist Katkoff, obtained an audience. He is understood to have explained to the Father of his people, that "Russia" was in no mind to be terrorised or bullied into concession. If these things were needful, let them be considered quietly and granted at some more peaceful time, out of the pure bounty and unbiased forethought of the Czar. In the meantime, "Russia" was indignant that her loyalty should be doubted. Let him therefore trust

"Russia," and appeal to the national traditions. A vigorous reassertion of the ancient and vital principle of Russian society, the sacred autocracy of a paternal ruler, was the necessity of the hour. If this were neglected, the insidious poison of foreign ideas would soon undermine all that remained of Slavonic nationalism, and the empire would be wrecked among the quicksands of German scepticism, French social disintegration, and English political economy. The prophet of a Pan-Slavonic reaction prevailed. Without sending for a single minister, the Czar locked his draft constitution out of sight, and published next morning the famous "personal rule" proclamation, which astonished the world of St. Petersburg as much as it astonished the European public. From that hour the party and policy of Loris Melikoff passed out of account. The infamous Third Section was revived, and the police regulations, always strict, became as much stricter as it seemed practicable to make them. Finally, by the month of September, this new despotism seemed to be fully organized, and a new proclamation was issued by which it was indicated that these things were to be henceforth not exceptional measures, but the ordinary law of Russia. Upon this, the Council of Three met somewhere and resolved that as there was now no further hope of the Czar coming to his senses, his Majesty and his Minister Ignatieff must be condemned to death. The Court was duly apprized of this resolution, and from that date the panic, already great, has been almost ludicrous within the palace. The rumours of the Czarina's state of mind are well known, and are probably not much exaggerated. The Czar is practically a prisoner in one of two or three easily-guarded castles. New plots are known to be afoot, and many arrests have been made of which, of course, as little as possible is said. The Czar is not a coward, and is distinctly obstinate. There are no signs that the more Liberal statesmen are

at all likely to return to power. The Moscow party is in full command, and reaction is the order of the day. Such is the tale, as it was told to me, and I have good reason to believe that it is in the main true. It will be seen that my informants regarded the matter entirely as a question of Constitution or no Constitution. That was no doubt the point about which the critical negotiations turned; but I do not think it was or is the vital issue.

Putting the suggestions of the Court party and the Opposition together, and trying to arrive at a result, one is tempted at first to say that such a state of things is altogether hopeless. But this would be a great exaggeration. The services and the business of the country go on, not well indeed, but fairly. "Russia," as one of my easy-going friends said to me, while we sipped our coffee after an excellent dinner on the Nevski, "Russia is a very pleasant place to live in after all." The people are in many ways like kindly children. Most of them care for none of these things. The horror of an assassination, real as it is for the time, passes over swiftly. Lady Olga returned one day from a round of visits to tell us a very terrible story: how a young widow lady, one of her intimate friends, had just been carried off to a common gaol, and kept there for a week amidst disgusting filthiness, and under the most degrading prison regulations, merely because one of the recently arrested students had falsely represented, years ago, that she was his aunt. Her child of five she had been forced to leave unattended in her rooms. She was not allowed to communicate with any of her friends, and even her landlady was so afraid of the whole matter that she professed to any who called that she did not know where or why the lady had gone. The narrator told this story with sympathetic horror and detail. When she had finished, an Englishman present exclaimed, in indignation, "What a barbarous country it must be where

such tyranny is tolerated for a day." But our hostess reproved him with a dignified surprise at his impatience. "When such barbarities have happened as the brutal murder of our sainted Czar, little inconveniences like this are not to be wondered at. I pity my friend, but I would not change the system."

And so the Muscovite world goes on. Here and there an individual drops out into exile, or is removed to Siberia. He, and perhaps a few of his immediate friends, are converted into irreconcilable allies of the revolution. But the circle where he had his place closes up and forgets him. If this is so with the rich, it is equally so among the poor. Let their privations be ever so severe, they can always forget them quickly. They have something of the Irish capacity for being happy under difficulties, without any of the Irish tendency to periodical and furious reaction against circumstance. Like the Irish, too, they have a constant resource in their deep religious fervour. The Orthodox Church is obviously far less of a spiritual and moral power than Irish Catholicism; but the Russian peasant can always find a moment's peace, and even a very exquisite kind of happiness, when he turns aside into one of the gorgeous cathedrals and prostrates himself before the priceless sacred pictures. He does not pray for this and that advantage, temporal or heavenly. He does not repeat any traditionary formula. Much less does he bethink himself of sin and of repentance. He simply crosses himself and adores, and as the smell of the incense hangs about the pillars, and the angel voices of the choir wander along the roof, the stupid, patient, miserable man is happy.

It is quite true, as has already been said, that tested by modern European standards, the administration in Russia is infamous. Official bribery is not merely general, but open and avowed. At the frontier, you may beckon to the grandest and most gold-laced officer

you see, and hand him publicly a five-ruble note or so. In a Government office, every contractor and every suitor of any kind will make no way except by the same process. The post-office is not safe. Justice is by no means infallible. The navy frauds under the Grand Duke Constantine, and the army frauds in the Turkish war, are matter of general history. But it must be remembered, on the contrary side of the account, that very large portions of the public service in Russia are under local control. Towns and rural districts are allowed in most details to manage their own affairs. The Commune assesses and collects its own taxes. The populous and prosperous districts of the north-west have retained a very considerable autonomy since the days of Swedish and Teutonic rule. The commercial necessities of Russia have always forced her to allow some sort of fair play to the powerful colonies of foreign merchants, who still administer half her trade. It results, therefore, that in the end the main sufferers by this monstrous system of official corruption are the peasantry and the national exchequer—both proverbially patient.

As regards the peasantry, there is no doubt that their lot is very hard. The agrarian question, as it now stands in Russia, is peculiarly little understood here; and yet it is fruitful with interesting lessons, especially at the present juncture. Serfdom was not in Russia a survival of slavery. It was an administrative rule introduced by Boris Godunoff and his predecessors during the sixteenth century to secure a constant supply of hands for the cultivation of each district—the population having proved to be of a dangerously migratory temper. How the system became throughout the present century obnoxious to all that was best in Russia, and how it was abolished in 1861 is well known. In some provinces, however, as in Esthland, a voluntary emancipation had taken place at a far earlier date.

When the serfs were freed, their masters were bound by law to allot to each man a holding of a few acres, the number varying according to the quality of the soil, for which payment was to be made by instalments spread over fifty years. Of this price the treasury advanced four-fifths directly to the landlord, on the security of the holding, taking from the "peasant proprietor" an annual interest of five per cent on the amount. The one-fifth of the purchase-money still due is paid by the peasant direct to the landlord, and there are land taxes of considerable amount as well. In the result, therefore, the "peasant proprietor" is practically a tenant at rack-rent. But there is a further difficulty. In almost every case the small allotment lies altogether, say, on the side of a hill. In order to the proper cultivation of it, the peasant requires to have a piece of river meadow also. The lord has kept this in his own demesne, and therefore he can make his own terms. He has no longer any interest in the well-being of the serf, and whatever slight sympathy resulted from the feudal tie is gone. The peasant is at his mercy, for he needs the land. He is prevented by law from migrating without the consent of his Commune, which is jointly liable for all his rents and taxes. Naturally, therefore, the landlord, like some others nearer home, wraps himself up in his political economy, and instructs his agent to get the best rent he can. It is not necessary to add that the result is what it must be everywhere in such a case; the peasant starves, and the land is starved also. The Communal ownership, amongst so unenterprising a people, becomes a further barrier to agricultural improvement, and thus vast tracts of the less fertile soil in the centre and north of Russia are threatening to become again the dreary, undrained wilderness they were when first the Slavonic migration was compelled to settle there.

For this disastrous state of things a

remedy is urgently needed, and the only remedy possible is a reduction of the effective rent to a point which will make it possible to do justice to the land and live. Many say that the Commune must go also, and personal proprietary be established everywhere. But if the Commune could be made to work properly, it is a method which offers great advantages. Under modern conditions, it is evident that land can best be dealt with where there is some means of obtaining such aid as machinery can give, and of procuring advances of capital. At the same time, the small peasant has an advantage over the large farmer in his immediate personal care and constant labour at small details, which become so important in the mass. The Russian Commune ought to contain the possibility of combining both advantages. A limited development of personal proprietorship might be made consistent with a co-operation of the whole Commune for such purposes as manuring, drainage, machinery, &c., and the details of such a scheme need neither be very complex nor very novel. The proper working of such a community is apparently a problem beyond the intelligence of the average rural population as yet. Still, it is surely an ideal to be kept in view.

In those parts of Russia where the Commune is not the unit of society, the agrarian question is not at all unlike our own in Ireland. It was curious to leave the Lords and Commons contending over the modified three F's, and to find a great Esthonian proprietor granting to his tenants, of his own free will, a settlement far more radical. As we walked through his glorious pine-woods, Count Michael expounded his views to me frankly. "We freed our serfs," he said, "of our own free grace more than fifty years ago. We did it because we disbelieved in slavery altogether. Some few of these Esthens got leases; but most became tenants from year to year, dependent on our will for their tenure and their rents. The

system has not worked well. They are industrious and patient fellows, whose only fault is occasional drunkenness; but they have no inducement to improve. If they put capital and labour into the soil it will belong to us, and sooner or later they will have to pay us in increased rent. Such a system is unjust and illogical, and in the long run it is bad for me. Besides, it can never be a self-acting system. My tenant's interests are not the same as mine. They are utterly antagonistic. Now that destructive theories are abroad, I cannot tell what fine day a schoolmaster or some other casual missionary of the new ideas, may put it into the heads of these quiet but very dogged tenants of mine to defy me. If they did, what could I do? The central government is not over fond of our autonomous provinces; but even if they did everything for us, we are set here between the woods, the morasses, and the coast. It would be a matter of great difficulty even for a regular body of troops to occupy this majorat; and if they were here, they could not help us much. They could hardly collect rent, and they could not keep my men at work. To import strangers would be impossible. We landlords are too few and too scattered to be able to help one another. The peasantry are entirely alien in race. Unless a self-adjusting scheme can be set on foot which will make it our mutual interest to maintain the *status quo* and to do all justice to the land, a ruinous revolution must sooner or later overtake us all."

He went on to describe to me what he had done. As soon as he could afford it, he had employed a government chief-surveyor with three assistants, who were even now daily occupied in mapping out the whole property, and in allotting the holdings with the fullest possible regard to the circumstances of each farm. The regular farmers were obtaining allotments of a sufficient size, and having in most cases a sufficient portion of reclaimable land thrown in to employ

the spare energies of the tenant. The whole was then valued on a low scale, and the rent was assessed at a fair percentage on the capital value, and fixed for fifteen years absolute. At the end of that term there was to be a general revaluation, and the original percentage was to be again taken upon the new value for another fifteen years, and so on for ever. The perpetuity of tenure was absolute; but the tenant was to be entitled to have allotted to him further reclaimable lands at each fresh valuation, so long as any remained unreclaimed. In the meanwhile, the lord was commencing, with some success, a large scheme of arterial drainage, by which he hoped to convert many square miles of noxious marsh into almost inexhaustible meadow. He did not wish, he said, to have the tenants' improvements included in each revaluation. The general prosperity of the district would sufficiently repay him for foregoing that advantage. He desired only to take, as lord of the soil, a fair percentage on such general rise of value as might affect the land, and above all to adjust the rents periodically to the value of money, which in Russia, with its inconvertible paper, is liable to serious alteration. The tenant would therefore have a definite and very valuable interest in the soil for himself and his posterity; and by their provincial system of a *Land Credit-casse* the enterprising peasant would be able, with such security, to obtain all reasonable advances of money on easy terms, and would have every inducement to develop the resources of the country to the uttermost. It is needless to say, that when my courteous instructor had unfolded his far-reaching scheme, I answered that I could fervently wish the landlords of our own islands had come to learn liberality and wisdom in the barbaric wilds of Russia.

He would be a Utopian politician who would expect to see the majority of the great landlords of Russia fol-

lowing the example of my friend Michael. The difficulty lies, not so much in their goodwill—for they are kindly folk, and would be glad to help their people in any way that would not prejudice their own real interests. The difficulty lies in their want of intelligence. They are very ready to catch at new ideas, but they fail in administrative capacity. There are great nobles who have gone in for modern improvements, and bought agricultural machines regardless of expense; but the moment the novelty and interest of the toys wore off, the machines got out of order, and were left in the yard as a curiosity, no one being able or willing to set them right again. But though all will not follow the example of this Russian land-reformer, there is no doubt that many will; and the success of these will prove, after a few years, a strong argument to convert others.

Meanwhile, the main question recurs. Is there no remedy for the grievous maladies that afflict the body politic? As to most such questions, the answer is both yes and no. There is much to be done assuredly; but a Morrison's pill for the ailments of the state will certainly never be discovered. The Nihilists, to begin with, are distinctly wrong. A real revolution is not possible, even if it were to be desired; and the mere murder of people in authority will only aggravate the bitterness of the present autocracy without really endangering the Czarate. There have often been times in the history of great states when each succeeding monarch died a violent death, and yet the monarchy remained unshaken. The most they can effect is to terrify some weak ruler into throwing out a constitution to appease them. But it will not appease them, and in itself will do little good, if any.

The changes most wanted, besides the agrarian reforms, are two—the thorough elevation of the educational level of the whole population, and the

courageous introduction of comparative freedom of speech. Both have their dangers, but the gain is greater than the risk. Publicity is perhaps the best means of checking the bureaucracy. Just because of the immense reserve of stability which she possesses, Russia has less to fear than any continental government from comparative or even complete freedom of criticism; and this would be itself a powerful factor in the political education of the people. A reform of the judicial system which would insure the punishment of some at least of the evil-doers, would be a most happy amendment. But until the general disease is checked, this is itself impossible. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If it were possible to reform and spiritualize the Church, now sunk in a helpless Erastianism, and, above all, to educate the clergy, another great step would be taken. But this would be a hard matter, for the reactionary sentiment is in ecclesiastical circles a passion. Priests, often very ignorant themselves, are the most eager and ruthless ministers of the press *censur*—that vast absurdity which extends even to the perfect blacking out of every syllable of adverse criticism, however humorously or gently put, from every copy of the *Charivari* or of *Punch* that enters Russia.

But the one great and urgent change which would be on all sides welcomed is the recall of the trusted Loris Melikoff, or some other honest, painstaking, reasonable man. Ignatieff is not trusted, and indeed has not much effective power, in home affairs. The Moscow ring are now the real ministry; and their policy is fatal. They are patriotic Slavs, full of the enthusiasm of their rising nationality. Serious as their foreign ambition may be, it is not more dangerous than their reckless desire to exalt the Slavonic idea at home, by centralization, by suppression of all provincial rights and all variations of creed or language, and by exclusion and expulsion of all foreign influence,

whether in the shape of officials or ideas, out of "holy Russia." The cry of "Russia for the Russians" will be more terrible some day, if it is not checked in time, than the dream of Constantinople. It is this tremendous tendency which has effaced Poland, which has crushed Lithuanian society and commerce, which persecutes alike the heterodox sects, the Roman Catholic populations and the Jewish colonies, and will annihilate them, if it can. It is the same tendency which makes a grievance of the appointment of skilled English and Germans, though Russia absolutely requires them to train her own workmen, and of the small proportion of Slavonic names among the high places of the army, although it is a proverb among tacticians that the *Slav* who is an excellent captain or lieutenant is utterly incompetent in posts of high command. It is the same tendency which is pressing even now for the abolition of the limited self-government which still prevails with the most excellent results throughout the Ostprovincen and in Finland, and which is seeking to devise further tariff restrictions in order more effectually to "close the frontiers" against the enemy. It is the same spirit that gives a defiant ring to the speech of Skobelev at the Geok Tepe banquet. It is the same pressure, courtly, sacerdotal, and popular at once, which half compels and more than half persuades the Government to resent as an insult even the most courteous observations on the recent massacres of the southern Jews. The tendency is fast becoming a crusade.

It is needless to add that the presence of such a factor is a grave danger not merely to Russia, but to Europe. Even if India, Egypt, and Armenia had never existed, there are questions enough in Eastern Europe to start a dozen wars. The dangers that lie in every line of the Treaty of Berlin are plainly illustrated by the reception which Austrian conscription laws have met with in the

Herzegovina. The possibilities of quarrel on the German frontiers are not the less real for being less known. Even within the last few weeks we have heard of Ruthenian troubles from Vienna, and of Polish anxieties at Berlin. There is a settled conviction in military circles on both sides that Germany and Russia must fight it out some day soon. Moltke's detailed plans for a Russian campaign have lain for years in the pigeon-holes of the general staff.

In the face of all these dangers, no immediate help can be expected, unless it be the advent to power of a strong and sensible ruler. Constitution-making is beside the question. The convocation of a Parliament will not suddenly endow a nation with "sweet reasonableness." Let us promote this by all means; but let us remember that it is an affair of years, if not of generations, and that, meanwhile, the government must be carried on. To English notions, this is not a brilliant outlook; but surely it is not without hope. There are many men in Russia, able, conscientious, and liberal-minded, who could steer the ship even

now with comparative safety. Only it requires a strong hand and a cool head. One of Carlyle's despotic heroes, if he can be found, will solve the problem without delay, and the vast Empire will go forward rapidly in the path of material and moral progress. If the capable despot cannot be found at once, it is to be feared that many incapable ones will be blown up, with much damage to public safety and more to public morals.

"For the rest, in what year of grace such phoenix-cremation will be completed, depends on unseen contingencies." How much mischief may be done in the meantime, both within and without the frontiers of the Empire, no man can calculate. But the future is on the side of nations that have reserves to draw on, and the latent resources of Russia are inexhaustible. It is not rash, therefore, to prophesy that she will weather the storm. If she does she will have a mighty destiny before her; for whatever may be the fate of our own Indian Empire, geography has plainly appointed Russia to be the ruler of the East.

B. F. C. COSTELLOE.